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AMERICA'S MAGAZINE

DECEMBER 1987 \$4.95

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SHAUNA GRANT
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ABOUT
COCAINE
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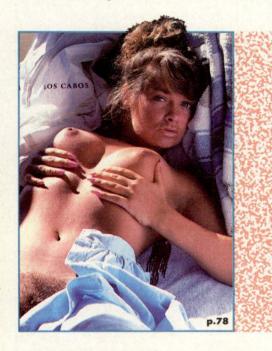
UNDERSTANDING WOMEN'S EROTIC IDEALS



# ecember

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Single copy, U.S. Edition \$4.95, International Edition \$5.50 (add \$1
postage per copy), special editions, \$4.50. One year subscription is
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Cover photo by Stephen Hicks



not get it; so I was feeling very low, but the HUSTLER really made my day. Now I'm a fan forever. Just knowing there are real women like Beaver Hunt winner Luce on the outside, keeps me going. -R. T.

Swanton, Vermont

#### **RAVES FOR SEXY SEPTEMBER**

Your September '87 issue was flat-out spectacular. The women pictured are the most beautiful and sexually attractive I have ever seen in any adult magazine. It's difficult to pick out a favorite, but being the top pair of underwear in "Jacky" or "Lynn's" dresser drawer would have to improve any guy's outlook on life. Your humor can't help but shake the funny bone of the intelligent, sexually aware reader. As you can tell, I think your magazine is excellent. -B. F.

LaSalle, Illinois

I just want to thank you for what, to me, is the best issue ever (September '87). "Paulette: Passion Fruit" was a real delight, and "Addicted to Lust" and "Sex Offenders" were true turnons, but nothing compares to "Dare Bared." I'd like to thank both James Baes and Doug Oliver for the wonderful photography and interview of Barbara Dare. I knew the girl of my dreams was out there somewhere. I'm just sorry I haven't seen any of her movies, but now that I know who she isthanks to HUSTLER-you can bet I'll watch all of them; even the ones she did as Kim Wilde. Once again, thanks so much and keep up the great work. -J. G. Burbank, California photo-layout and in-depth interview hit the right spot for me, as I have been waiting to know more about Barbara. Your "Addicted to Lust" pictorial hit the right spot as well, since I am a musician myself. But I guess you expect to hear that, being the best magazine published. As a matter of fact, every time I look at your magazine, it always hits the "right spot." -F. P. Willimantic, Connecticut

I find your magazine an abominable disgrace to all that is decent and righteous. It's high time the moral minority stood



You Love Luce

up against such smut. I'm sure I can speak for the majority of the moral minority when I say that I have never masturbated in my entire life; and I have never told a lie. Your filthy, porno geek literature does not even begin to turn me on. I mean there's only one word for having Barbara Dare with sand all over her ass and tits: desecration. Barbara's body is flawlessly breathtaking; however, you can just leave out the sand next time. -Name Withheld

San Diego, California

#### **DOUBLE EXPOSURE**

I am writing about September's Beaver Hunt. "Ashley," the 23-year-old bartender is hot. I love her body and tits, but she also appears as "L.K." from Kentucky... Was this a screw-up by your art department, or am I seeing double! Even the room is the same. Thanks for two pictures of her; now how about a full layout? -Seeing Double in the Midwest

Someone in our art department also liked Ashley a lot. To make room for the real L.K., and more Beaver Hunt entries, we've added two extra pages to this month's array of amateur nudes, beginning on page 97.

#### **SUPPORTS OUR COLUMNS**

I have been reading HUSTLER for many years and want to know why you stopped printing Kinky Korner. I am a really kinky guy who gets into reading kinky stories. So tell me: why no more Kinky Korner? It



gives a guy great ideas.

-Bob
Joliet, Illinois

You're obviously overlooking the hottest erotic correspondence the one-handed press has to offer if you haven't caught HUSTLER's regular monthly feature: Hot Letters, or our very own, reader-submitted letter magazine, HUSTLER LETTERS. If kink's your bag, then go out and bag the January '88 issue of LETTERS, on sale October 27th.

I am curious as to why you discontinued Sex Play. I would really like to see you restart that series again.

-C. E.

Dallas, Texas

Sex Play began anew in the July '87 issue and is a regular monthly feature again. This month's look at cocaine and sex starts on page 24.

#### **PINK PLUS**

I've read your magazine for many years, and in all those years I've never had an urge to run out and rape children or screw a dog after reading HUSTLER. In fact, after reading HUSTLER, I feel safe and sane. Your magazine has always stood up to those who would rule others with an iron glove; has scoffed and ridiculed those who thought they were better than others; and above all else, HUSTLER has always dealt with reality and displayed great wisdom. You really don't know your importance as a magazine; the pink's great, but you're much more than that to many. I hope this helps in some way to prevent the end of HUSTLER Magazine. Don't ever give in to the pressures of oth--M. G.

Costa Mesa, California

#### **LOOKS UP TO BUTT SHOTS**

I am a regular reader of your magazine. From time to time I sample your competitor's work. You people are far superior both editorially and visually. The quality of your pictorials deserves special praise. You claim to seek out the best, and the magazine I find at the newsstand substantiates your effort. The posing of the models is especially pleasing. My favorite pose is the "spread squat" done so well by the girl in the HUSTLER Phone Sex ad on the inside front cover for several issues. Natural positions such as the squat present a pleasant, relaxed posture. I hope your photo director continues to select these studies. A special treat is also the rear photo angle showing the model's anus. Each "asshole" has its own special character, shape and color. My favorite is the pink rosebud. Only infrequently do these occur in a young lady. It seems as though special posing skill and photographic expertise is required to properly present spread buttocks. Please continue

to present truly erotic art. Your competition presents erotic material, but little of it is *art*.

—L. S. M.

Wildwood, New Jersey

#### **HIGH-PRICED SPREAD**

As a 22-year-old German male and avid HUSTLER reader, I'd like to comment on the item, "HUSTLER in Germany" (Bits and Pieces, July '87). You stated that "nipples on the cover are okay, but you won't find any open beavers inside." This is true of course, but it's because the German edition is not restricted to adults only. If you want to get the real thing over here, you just go to a well-stocked newsstand or an adult-book store, which will probably carry the U.S. edition of HUSTLER. However, buying HUSTLER here has two drawbacks: the price (about \$11.50 at the current rate of exchange), and the issues are already a month old by the time they arrive here. But neither of these small inconveniences will stop me from enjoying HUSTLER all the same. -M. S.

Paderborn, West Germany

#### **GOES BOTH WAYS**

I am a 23-year-old male, and I have been reading HUSTLER for two years. I would like to know why you feature lesbian lovemaking and not gay men. I am straight, but I don't find the sight of two women

making out erotic or stimulating! It seems as though HUSTLER features more lesbian than straight couples. Let's face it, gay is gay. If you're going to publish lesbians, you might as well publish fags too.

–J. C.

Irving, Texas

You must be missing something that our female readers have spotted.

#### **UNCLE DEAREST**

My husband has been reading your magazine for a very long time, but finally you came out with an issue that really caught my eye. The January '87 issue with the "Paul & Babe: Lumberjacking" photofeature did it to me. You see, for a very long time I have had a fantasy about an uncle of mine who lives in California, and "Paul" reminds me of my uncle. I hope that some day my fantasy comes true. Thanks, you might help make my fantasy come true. I think I'll give a copy of HUSTLER to my uncle.

-K. T.

Dexter, New Mexico

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to Feedback, HUSTLER, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication.

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#### HAPPY 59TH

"A 21-year-old stud?" That's what my lady said when I told her what my birthday gift to her was going to be this year. My lady is a very special, sexy, Danish woman of 59 years. She is built like a brick shithouse. My woman has a slim waist, big, firm tits, a cute round ass, long curvaceous legs, a deep set of baby blues and golden blond hair with odd streaks of gray.

I've never had to look elsewhere for sexual fulfillment, Tovah is the ultimate orgasmic provider. Her golden-fleece mane has a clitoris that stands out like the tip of my thumb. Now you get the picture. I had to give her something special.

We had been vacationing at Santa Cruz beach, enjoying one of the most gorgeous spots on the blue Pacific when I noticed a good-looking young man, who had obviously done something for Tovah. Her mouth was open wide when this beach boy lay his towel down not more than three feet from us. His skin was dark brown, his blond hair tied back in a ponytail, a pair of Vuarnet's covered his eyes. He was wide at the shoulders and narrow at the waist. Tovah couldn't conceal her immediate attraction to this young man, and at that instant, I knew he was the "gift."

I could visualize these two in bed. My buxom, beautiful wife taking on this young, well-hung stranger. We met later that night at the Twelve Winds for dinner, dancing and cocktails. Tovah and Dave hit it off very well. I propositioned Dave. If he was willing to service my wife, I was willing to pay him. On the way home in the Mercedes, Tovah put her head in my lap and gave me a super blowjob. Our guest realized that we weren't pulling his leg. A deal is a deal, I told him when we dropped him off at his room. "See you in a half hour," I said.

Tovah wore a black, low-cut formal dress that evening; her tits stood out magnificently, her golden coin pendant hung between the generous cleavage.

The skirt was split up the side to her shapely thigh: My lady was breathtaking. Her birthday gift was now at the door.

With her hands roving over her breasts and anticipation etched on her face. Dave took her close. At the stroke of 11:00 p.m., their lips met. Sparks flew, my dick got very hard. I took my tie off and followed behind as the two lovers made their way to the bedroom. Tovah lay back on the king-size bed, awaiting Dave's first move. He began to remove his clothes.



The kid was hung like a porn star-a good ten inches.

Tovah then sat up, licked her lips and smoothly removed all her clothing. My wife now wore nothing but her jewelry. Dave kneeled before her face, offering her his thick stalk. Licking the clear precum from the tip of his tool, Tovah then began taking in more and more of Dave's manhood. Dave was playing with Tovah's heavy mams, licking and sucking the entire boob, then moving to the other. The young man nibbled her nipples and coated the generous underside with kisses and lashes of his tongue.

The beach boy then moved down to her stomach, eventually reaching her legs. He spread Tovah's legs, licking and sucking all the way up one side, then repeating with the other. My woman's clit stood up, which Dave sucked aggressively. He seemed to summon all the life and energy Tovah had in her sex. She thrashed about wildly on the bed, all the while never letting go of the boy's ears.

Tovah was now yelling for Dave to mount her. Dave moved up my wife's firm build, then he placed the purple head of his massive cock at Tovah's soaked cunny. He shoved it in to the hilt all at once.

The well-chiseled young man bore into Tovah's twat at a furious pace. The sweat rolled off both their bodies as low groans emerged from Tovah's throat. It was super. My wife wrapped her long legs around her birthday gift's back. She then cupped both her hands under her breasts, offering them to Dave.

What seemed like ten minutes passed before the young man finally shot his load, spewing his seed inside my wife, as well as on her flat stomach and heaving cones. But this was only the beginning.

Tovah took some KY lube, put a healthy amount on her asshole, then gestured for Dave to move forward. She applied a liberal amount of jelly on his joint and moved her hips back toward the young man's member.

Dave closed his eyes as his dick disappeared in Tovah's ass. Her white cheeks had never looked so inviting as when the beach boy bored between them. He seemed to be in ecstasy, and for a moment Dave only lay there, content with his beef buried in a hot, snug orifice. "Umm, please, let's have it, love," Tovah urged, which seemed to awake him from his momentary daze. For a few minutes Dave plowed her rearend, his heavy balls slapping against my wife's ass. She reached back to squeeze them, toying, then massaging his sac. Tovah was now screaming. She had Dave sit back, then she sat on his lap in order to regain total control. This allowed her birthday gift to hold his choad even longer. Moments later, they both screamed in orgasmic (continued on page 120)

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#### ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

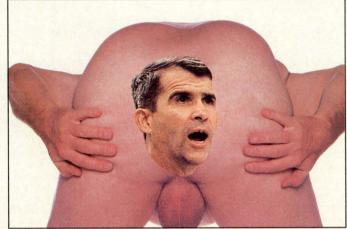
For everyone in the military who ever caught major shit for petty infractions, Oliver North is Asshole of the Month.

The kind of officer who wipes his ass on our flag by hiding behind it while pursuing personal political ends should wind up in a court martial, but such sewage often ends up running countries. Military dictators like Peron, Pinochet, Ortega, Somoza, Amin and others are examples with origins in the era of Hitler, Mussolini and Stalin.

It hardly matters whether spit-and-polish turd-flume North lied to the President or acted on legally questionable orders issued directly from the Oval Outhouse. Underhanded world-threatening stunts like arming the enemy of an ally, bartering guns for hostages our forgetful leader promised not to bargain for and spreading profits to worms like Richard Secord or Nicaraguan death squads is supposed to be the kind of sleaze tactics that make Soviets bad guys. If it's true of the Russkis-and we believe itthen what kind of running dog lackey of the totalitarian pigs does that make North? Gorbachev would love himbut he wouldn't turn his back on him.

America's right-wing fanatics are mired in boyhood military fantasies rooted in their prepubescence during World War I, and bolstered by the unchecked profiteering inherent in the war-toy industry and guns-for-power diplomacy in Third World havens of cheap labor and resources. Such twisted minds view this insult to Marine Corps courage and discipline as a hero. Always quick to trample rights and ignore laws unfavorable to the selfinterests of the rich, Republi-

#### Oliver North



cans rally around any sympathetic shit chute, even one who handles international intrigue with the finesse of a proctologist with a size-twelve

ring finger.

At least when Dick Nixon's pack of cold-blooded curs tried to steal the country, they showed some planning and foresight, even if his thugs bungled the job. Reagan's comedy troupe of know-nothing managers can't even agree on where to point the finger, concurring only with changing the slogan that Reagan stole to, "The buck stops with Contra middlemen."

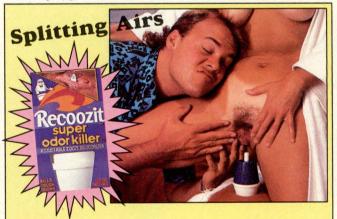
The red-menace paranoia horseshit that has passed from assholes like North onto the tender ears of military widows and others bilked for donations to Nicaraguan terrorism exhibits this same kernel in every pile: "If the commies get a foothold . . . " is the plea that should underscore the weakness of American support of dictatorships. The commies have got footholds, repeatedly, by arming people kept hungry, sick and living in filth by U.S.-backed leaders who fatten themselves and their wallets in self-serving,

money-grubbing, socially childish mimicry of America's power brokers.

Oliver North's pouty boyish protestations of patriotism play well before the weakest of accusers-spineless politicians. Armed with a briefcase and flanked by crack attorneys, North's defensive posture reminded us of the teacher's pet we couldn't wait to get on the playground. Out from behind the skirts of politics—in the face of a cold military trial or jury of civilians whose taxes pay loose cannons like North—a close examination of facts would raise questions of treason, not heroism. Even the hounds of liberalism refrained from pressing North for details of an "emergency government" or plans to attack or imprison citizens who would protest in case of direct U.S. intervention in Central America.

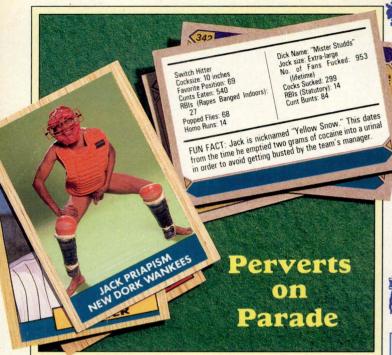
Apparently what our government learned from Viet Nam was to construct a contingency plan for martial rule far more frightening than mere gunrunning to finance secret unconstitutional plans.

We hope appropriate action is taken to peel away the crisp military front in order to reveal the true odor of the dung-spewing anal fissure, Oliver North. The American public needs a good whiff of what's going to come back in our faces if we don't plug the would-be tyrants who are drizzling their dangerous, oppressive shit all over the world.



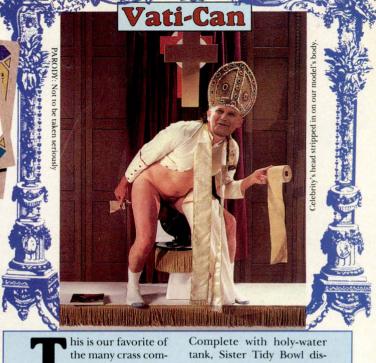
orking girls on the go churn up their share of crotch cheese and don't often get to douche the mansap from their crusty caverns. Even muffmunching maniacs like Larry

Flynt couldn't face the filth in some furburgers, and that's why there's Recoozit. It adjusts to every stench from mild Limburger to fish taco. Recoozit eats odors so you don't have to.

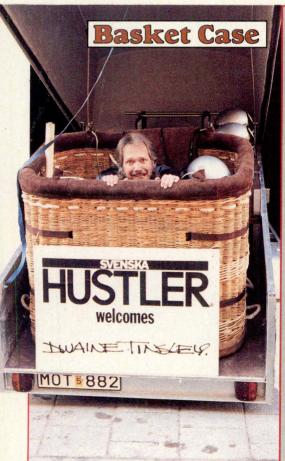


nless you're like the majority of American men who've never outgrown adolescence, you think baseball cards are boring! That's why there's something for the rest of us-Fopps Bubblecum All Nude

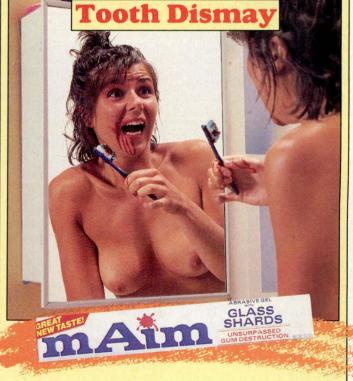
Baseball Cards. They feature your favorite players in action poses, showing their bats and balls. You can read all the vital statistics you need to know. Collect 'em, trade 'em, but by all means, keep 'em out of the hands of Peter Ueberroth.



his is our favorite of the many crass commercial items that emerged from Pope John Paul's American visit. The Vati-Can is a toilet fit even for a Pope to go to the John. Complete with holy-water tank, Sister Tidy Bowl dispenser and a hook to hold up the back of his dress, the Vati-Can built-in fan makes it seem like the Pope's shit doesn't stink.



uring his recent visit to the Swedish offices of HUSTLER, our veteran cartoon editor Dwaine Tinsley was invited to go for a trip in a hot air balloon. This is as far up as Dwaine got before his chronic fear of lowflying pigeons set in. But at any rate, Dwaine would like to thank his hosts for a lovely time. And that ain't just hot air.

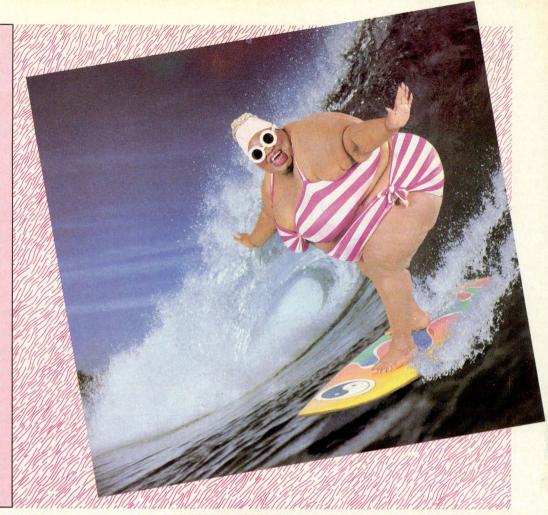


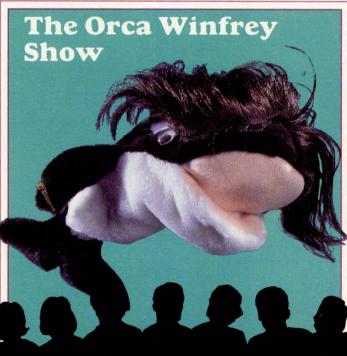
sick of people with that permanent grin of good personality and personal charm-you know, bubble-headed assholes? Brush up on the latest in antigood-cheer terrorism with Maim, the abrasive tooth-

paste designed by drill-happy dentists. Nine out of ten dentists recommend it for removing plaque, tartar, germs, enamel, teeth and gums. Available at discount dental clinics and wherever cans of bullshit repellent are sold.

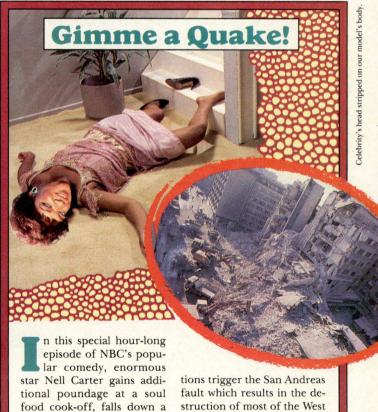
#### Say it Loud, I'm Fat, Black and Proud

he media mavens are finally cashing in on the latest sensation to sweep the country-big black mamas. Among the many products catering to America's love affair with hefty Negresses is the 1988 Woman of the Year calendar, featuring Miss Jean Hill (Territorial Enterprises, P.O. Box 858, Virginia City, Nevada 89440). Hill, who figured prominently in John Waters' Polyester and Desperate Living, is the most outspoken of the new wave of rotund beauties. National boob tube networks are eager to carve up their share of potentially beefy ratings, as the new programs on this page indicate.





ot to be outdone, ABC introduces the biggest phenomenon ever to host a TV jabber fast. With topics ranging from plankton recipes to rehab centers for bon-bon addicts, you'll want to join Orca and her guests for an hour of chewing the fat and other incomprehensible, high-pitched squeaking.



flight of stairs and breaks her

neck. The subsequent vibra-

Coast. Hang onto your seats

for a laugh blast!

# Hung Like an Elk

ost men know that the above phrase refers to guys who pack heavy meat. This horny fool has a grip on the wrong interpretation.

He's not likely to prong many willing females this way, but if he doesn't keep a low profile during hunting season, he'll sure wind up stuffed and mounted.

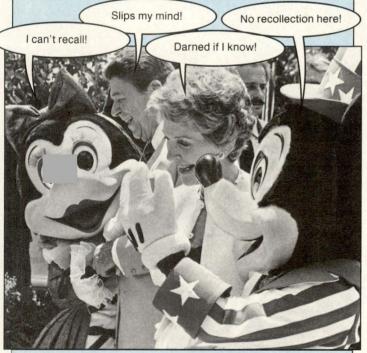


#### The Best of the Best

t's that time again. Make 13 your lucky number with *The Best of HUSTLER Volume 13*, a collection of the hottest girls, the wildest arti-

cles, the most outrageous fiction to appear in HUSTLER over the past year. Get 'em while they last, if you're man enough to handle it.

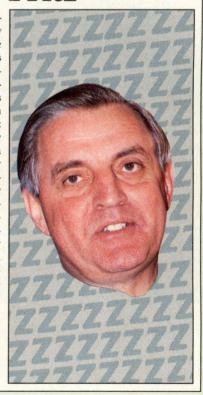
# Great Moments in Politics



Soon to be ex-President Ronald Reagan and second wife Nancy try to remember why they're laughing with leaders of a Republican Management Seminar at a famous West Coast corporation.

## Democrats on the Fritz

hen a political party can't vote enough tombstones to defeat an aging inside joke from Hollywood, you know it's in trouble. But when the Democrats buzz about Fritz, they aren't discussing a new deep-fried party chip for yuppie bashes, but the incredibly boring Fritz Mondale. If you don't recall him as vicepresident under James Earl Carter (a former U.S. president), you won't remember him come election day either. Paid for by the What the Hell Political Inaction Committee, George McGovern, Chairman.





# \* \* \* Sex News Bits Final

2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054

December 1987

#### Deep Shit

Morro Bay, California-Donald Baker has got a lot of explaining to do. He was waistdeep in muck, wearing plastic clothing and surgical gloves when caught sitting on crates beneath a women's outhouse. He'd been there since daybreak and might have stayed all day if rangers at Montana de Oro State Park had not dumped on his plans by arresting him. Said state park's spokeswoman Susan Rocha, "We've heard of lots of yucky things like snakes and spiders being in there, but we've never heard of a human being down there." Although 37-year-old Baker may have written a new chapter in the history of creative perversion, once he was hosed off, the authorities had no idea what to charge him with. He was booked at the county jail for investigation of loitering.

#### The Case for Condoms

Surrey, England-Some British entrepeneurs have come up with a clever device

for bringing organization to yuppie sex lives. The "Filofux" is a condom designed to fit neatly into a Filofax personal organizer, but the Filofax company is not amused, and have filed suit against the Phallic Design Company for misuse of their good name. A British high court has banned sales of the Filofux until the mess is straightened out; so for the time being you'll have to continue carrying rubbers in your wallet.

#### The Pope a Papa?

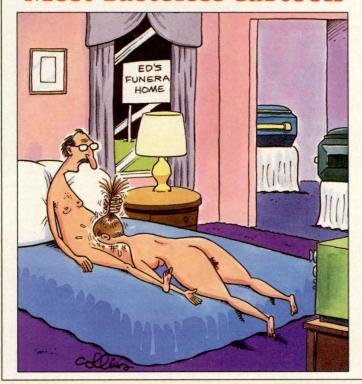
Wichita, Kansas-Like many others, Peggy Cameron was looking forward to the impending Papal visit. However, her expectations were somewhat different, as she planned to serve Pope John II with legal papers. Cameron wanted to make the Pope a defendant in a paternity suit. No, she wasn't actually accusing him of fathering her three-year-old daughter. (He probably has an air-tight alibi anyway.) She just feels the Church should be re-

#### Porn From the Past



Ticklish about that stash of dirty old smut in your closet? It could be worth \$150. Send those shots to "Porn from the Past," HUSTLER Magazine, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. Please enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want your pictures returned. We'll pay \$150 for any we print.

#### **Most Tasteless Cartoon**

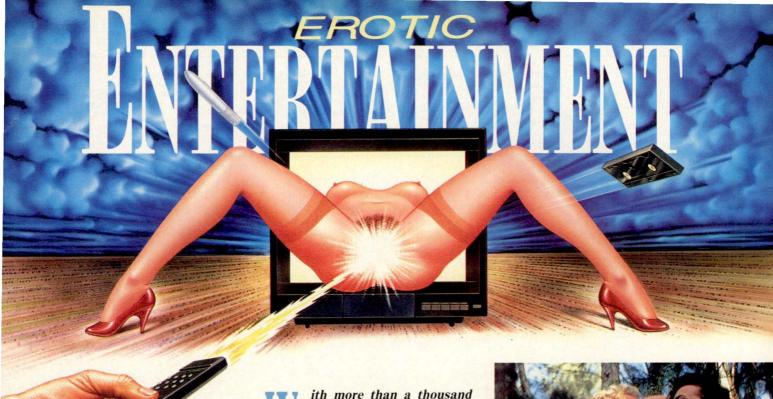


sponsible for the actions of its priests. Rev. Paul Ziegler, the child's real father, has been paying her \$100 a month, but the court declared that the amount should be increased to \$1,000, to help cover the child's medical bills. Will Papa J.P. suffer a little child support to come unto him?

#### How Do You Spell Relief?

Toronto, Canada-"Not tonight, dear, I've got a headache," was always a bad excuse for withholding sex (what is a good one, though), but it'll become an even worse one, if researchers at the Migraine Foundation are correct. According to their recent survey of migraine sufferers, one third of those who had sex after the onset of a migraine claimed that sex brought them relief. Many, in fact, said it was a complete cure. So next time those temples are throbbing, try reaching for some ass instead of aspirin. It's just what the doctor ordered. Happy healing.

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hard-core movies being released each year for the
home audience, viewers, increasingly confronted by
seductive advertising and
slick packaging, are often
at a loss when it comes to
selecting an X-rated tape worth watching. HUSTLER is committed to serious, no-bullshit criticism designed to accurately inform readers of XXX-

selecting an X-rated tape worth watching. HUSTLER is committed to serious, no-bullshit criticism designed to accurately inform readers of XXX-cinema offerings, and to spur the adult-entertainment industry to better productions. Despite their drastic decline, there will always be adult theaters, and we'd never leave a film buff in the lurch: If a review says a production was shot on film, it's probably playing on a big screen somewhere-all you have to do is find it.



Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by G.W. Hunter; starring Gina Valentino, Kristara Barrington, Laurie Smith, Raven, Aurora, Susan Hart, Jade Nichols, Harry Reems, Ron Jeremy, Sasha Gabor, Blake Palmer, Greg Rome and Miles Long. Videocassette by VCA Pictures.

Forget the plot. You'll go crazy trying to make sense of it. Just keep your fast-forward finger at the ready, skip the tedious conversation and zero-in on the sex-there's plenty of that to zero-in on. *Oriental Jade*, the fifth installment in the *All-American Girls* series, showcases the stunning talents of now-retired Gina Valentino, one of the best little cum-swallowers in XXX. In her first scene, Valentino takes on Ron Jeremy and Sasha Gabor, her head bobbing

on Jeremy's bone, her butt bouncing off Gabor's groin. After Jeremy squirts a load on her tongue and Gabor creams her ass cheeks, Gina moves on to a fiveway that climaxes with her lunging to catch Blake Palmer's wad in her mouth. Valentino's final scenes have her balancing in a tree while Greg Rome fucks her from every possible angle. Rome plugs her with demonic frenzy while the camera expertly captures the action. Other noteworthy encounters include Laurie Smith wantonly sucking Palmer's weighty wang-he rewards her with a lengthy fuck, a finger in her anus and a doggy-style finish-and Miles Long titfucking Susan Hart and Aurora. Oriental Jade was filmed two years ago, and of its large cast only Ron Jeremy continues to perform on a regular basis. No matter. Oriental's ladies are some of the hottest on film. There'll always be a market for scorching sex. No doubt about it, Jade is a -D. O. gem.



Oriental Jade: Hot-twat Gina Valentino adds luster to this carnal gem.





Three-Quarters Erect. Starring Vanessa Del Rio. Videocassette by VCA Pictures

Hispanic high priestess of hard penises. Vanessa Del Rio, was created for cinematic carnality, and it's only fitting that there be a retrospective of Del Rio raunch. Though Wet Video's researchers didn't go back so far as to include some of Vanessa's earliest 8-mm loops, and there are only 45 minutes of Vanessa ravagement rather than the posted hour, Best of Del Rio, Volume 1 is a fine, firming selection of highlights of porn's Golden Age, a time when film, craft and imagination often prevailed over the type of mundungus stinking up today's smut. Vanessa opens with a massage of the



big-woman, all-woman that'll have wankers' wands standing up and saluting fuck-filmers of days gone by. This babyoiled mauling is sexier than most of today's double-penetrations. It's impossible to convev the joy to be derived from watching Vanessa's pulsating clitoris and her convulsive cocksucking as she engages in a round of multiple-stud roulette, turning every man into a Peter North, then basking in the scum that she has launched. Suffice it to say that a jaded video reviewer watched Best of Vanessa Del Rio, Volume 1 in its entirety, with no fast-forwarding, then watched it again. -Christian Shapiro



Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by Peter Moss; starring Lisa DeLeeuw, Herschel Savage, Ginger Lynn, Eric Edwards, Ron Jeremy, Danica Rhae, Dave Cannon, Rose Marie, Sandy Taylor and Craig Edwards. Videocassette by Caballero Home Video.

Blow-Off! combines a coherent, entertaining plot with the formidable fuck-andsuck skills of Lisa DeLeeuw. Herschel Savage plays a hardboiled private dick hired to spy on super-slut DeLeeuw, as she tarts it up with various political figures, and films the goings-on. Between covert viewings of Lisa's screwing, Savage doesn't let his

meat loaf-he bones Rose Marie's beaver and butthole. When he finally gets a go at DeLeeuw, he makes it count, taking his time licking and lapping at the pink paradise hidden by her carrot-colored crotch floss before balling the bounteous beauty. Although she's featured on the video box, Ginger Lynn appears in only one scene, a simple and somewhat subdued lesbian encounter in which she gets her muff munched by DeLeeuw. This is one of Ginger's first movies-made more than two years ago-and it's interesting to compare and contrast her hard-hooker look with the softer look of her later, superstar persona. Usually, when movies have been gathering dust for so long there's a good reason-like they suck. Well Blow Off! may be an oldie, but it's definitely a goody. -Rob Peters

Lisa DeLeeuw gets a mouthful of Ginger in just-released oldie Blow-Off.



#### 12TH ANNUAL HUSTLER EROTIC MOVIE POLL

It's time to sound off about what turned you on this year. Which of the X-rated moviesfilm or video, it doesn't matter-gave you the biggest boner in 1987? And which gave you the limpest dick? Let us know so we can let the adult entertainment industry know how it's doing. Send off the ballot below today to HUSTLER Movie Poll, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067. Look for the results in our April 1988 issue. Ballots must be postmarked by December 1, 1987 to qualify. Best Movie:

Best Director:	
Which Movie?	
Best Actress:	
Which Movie?	
Best Actor:	
Which Movie?	
Best Sex Scene:	
Which Movie?	
Most Accomplished Fellatio Artist:	
Which Movie?	
Most Accomplished Cunnilinguist:	
Which Movie?	
Most Disappointing Movie:	





# FOR THE RECORD



Enclosed in this issue is a 5:15 vinyl disc, produced from a one-hour audiotape recorded by Colleen Applegate into a hand-held microcassette player. Colleen made the tape as a gift to Jake on an evening in January 1984, two months before her suicide. The two had been living together for several months. Jake recalls that he and Colleen had a "big fight" that night.

"We went out to dinner, and she really looked good. All dressed up. I gave her a half-filled vial of coke, which she took into the restaurant bathroom. When she came out, the bottle was completely empty. I blew a fit and let her have it. I wanted a toot after dinner, and that was all I had. We weren't going home; so I wasn't near my stash. She started screaming back at me in the car, 'I didn't do anything!' All the while, the stuff's practically falling out of her nose. Anyway, when we got home we had a big fight and a long talk. I told her it was all over, and she'd have to get an apartment. I was really sadistic that night. I really got angry, not knowing how totally it would affect her."

According to Jake, Colleen then ran into his bedroom and grabbed the loaded rifle that he kept in his closet. Jake believes, at that moment, she was going to kill herself.

"You don't know what you're doing," Jake told her.

"If you throw me out, Jake, I'll have nothing," she replied, hysterical with tears.

"I think I was being a little bit of a prick," he confesses, "but I had to show her how much I detested what she was doing."

Finally, Jake calmed her down, took the rifle out of her hands and apologized for his temper. The emotions of the event, however, caused Colleen to lock herself in the bedroom for the remainder of the evening. In her room, she placed a blank tape in Jake's minirecorder and started talking into it. The tape begins with a subdued, somewhat drugged-sounding Colleen speaking softly and slowly:

"This is dedicated to my favorite sex symbol. I think I'll call this tape, Just for Kicks. The love, the emotions, feelings . . . just for Jake."

For nearly an hour, Colleen talks about love, insecurity, happiness, depression and, mostly, about herself and her lover. We've edited what we feel is a representative five-plus minutes of Colleen's private monologue. The syrupy music playing in the background during certain parts of the record is, according to Jake, the background score of a videotape that Colleen loved to watch. The tape featured Colleen alone in an early shoot taking off her clothes. Jake says it was her favorite effort.

It's easy to surmise from this excerpt that Colleen was an intelligent, sensitive and complex young girl. She was also confused. Some in the public may shout "Exploitation!" when they receive and hear this disc. We feel the record gives a private and hitherto unknown glimpse into who this pretty blonde from Minnesota really was and why, in life as Shauna Grant and in death as Colleen, her image and mystique captivate so many.

—Lonn Friend



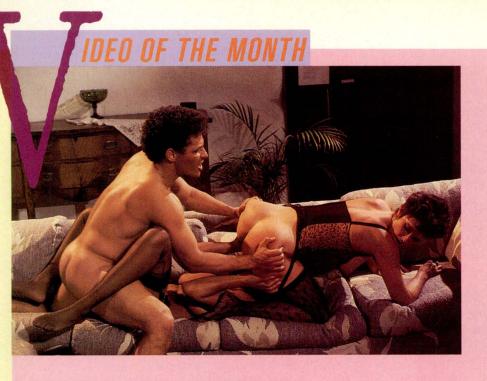
The Cat Club: Peter North eats Robin Lee's pussy in this nine sex scene fuckvid.



Half Erect. Directed by Richard Eagle; starring Robin Lee, Brittany Morgan, Tanya Foxx, Ona Z., Viper, Peter North, Robert Bullock, Herschel Savage and Bill Margold. Videocassette by Essex Video.

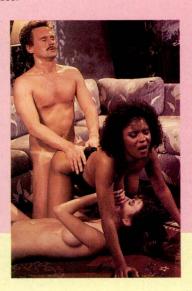
This tape might have been a catastrophe-the box features a beautiful babe who's not anywhere in the video, and Gail Force, a worthy slit, gets a credit on the box but fails to show up on the screen. On top of the bogus package art, there are enough bad cat jokes in this vid to make most viewers cough up a furball; and the technical quality is piss poor. What could possibly redeem such a stinker? Sex. From simple pussy-diddling, featuring the twat-team of Tanya Foxx and Brittany Morgan, to labelapping lesbianism teaming Viper with Robin Lee to the flashy fake G-spot orgasm and semen shower of Robin Lee and Peter North, Cat Club serves up heaping helpings of humpings, pumpings and pussythumpings-nine scenes in all. They're not all winners, though. The Morgan/Robert Bullock scene for example, a take-off on a Monty Python pet shop routine, is a loser, but The Cat Club is a case of quantity outweighing quality. It may not be purr-fect, but with all that active pussy, it would be a mistake to scratch it off your list. -R. P.







Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by Paul Thomas; starring Angela Baron, Shanna McCullough, Angel Kelly, Nikki Knights, Joey Silvera, Jeannie Pepper, Jessica Wilde, Mike Horner, Billy Dee and Paul Thomas. Videocassette by Fantasy Home Video.



Eurocooze Angela Baron and Mike Horner open this above-average quality cassette with a bang. This blond firecracker gives fucking her all. Horner fucks with a vengeance, and Baron's beaver soaks up each and every hammer thrust-he drills. she thrills. Baron's a find, all right. Too bad she's only in one scene. However, despite the absence of the delicious deb. Where There's Smoke continues hot. The tape is a well-crafted, sex-stuffed, cleverly performed piece of work. Horner-whether he's acting or savagely fucking a brace of bimbos-gives an intense performance, and the cast's racially mixed assortment of sluts returns the favor. Shanna McCullough's masturbation scene in the shower is subtly steamy-as is the fuck that follows. Nikki Knights and Jeannie Pepper do a job on Billy Dee's dork in another hot encounter, and the climactic scene pairing McCullough and Pepper develops from a tender and tentative exploration of lesbian lust into a no-holds-barred pussy-grind. The title, for once, says it all. R. P.



Passion: Buffy Davis stiffens Dan T. Mann's rod for an anal romp.



Half Erect. Directed by Richard Mailer; starring Brittany Morgan, Crystal Breeze, Randy West, Jill Ferrari, Steve Drake, Candi Evans, Tess, Buffy Davis, Dan T. Mann, Rick Savage, Stacey Donovan, Keisha, Tanya Foxx, Francois Papillon, Eric Edwards and Frank James. Videocassette by Intropics Video.

Playing for Passion's unique game-show format, in which disparately culled cumclips are connected by multiple-choice pop quizzes testing the viewers' perception of such dick-bloating details as garter color, jewelry placement and dye-jobs, is as innovative as the sub-genre of rehash gets. Still, only the feeblest amnesiac can hope to forget even for a moment that Playing is nothing more than a no-budget series of old slimings strung together by a cheap gimmick. Fortunately, most of these drillings are relatively quick, with mercifully little dramatic lead in, and there's always another right around the corner. The best is a white-trash scenario of Dan T. Mann sweating it doglike while anal-jamboreeing and smearing spear-splat on Buffy Davis's gaping A-hole. This mortally appealing sin is followed by a question concerning a string of pearls around Davis's wrist. The viewer is given a ten-second countdown in which to provide an answer, eight seconds longer than it takes to hit the fast forward button. -C. S.





Half Erect. Directed by Chris Monte; starring Kinko, Nikki Charm, Sheena Horne, Scott Irish, Candi Evans, Lois Ayres, Nina Hartley, Richard Pacheco, Christy Canyon, Marc Wallice, Roger Blade, Sharon Mitchell, Buddy Love, Angel Kelly, Tamara Longley, John Holmes, Buck Adams, Summer Rose, Jesse Adams and Shone Taylor. Videocassette by Adult Video Corporation.

What you've got here is a repackaging of a half-dozen scenes from other tapes linked together by some jabbering by Kinko, an older broad in a dominatrix outfit. A rip off? Well, probably, but, if the truth be told, some of these scenes are pretty hot. As a bonus, retired titter Christy Canyon is featured in one of the scenes, a threeway with Marc Wallice and Roger Blade, and that can't be bad. The outstanding performance award, though, goes to Nina Hartley for her duet with Richard Pacheco. Hartley fucks like she means it, and the sheer realism is as much a turn-on as it is a sexvid rarity-and it just gets better and better as Pacheco switches his pecker from her pussy to her pooper. That, dear friends, is entertainment! Nikki Charm is on hand in a raggedly shot orgy scene that gets its real heat from Tamara Longley, who's porked and pumped by Buck Adams and John Holmes. Although there is a shortage of cumshots to conclude the festivities, lovely Longley certainly looks good with Buck's bone buried in her beaver while the old man stuffs his log between her lips. Charming? You bet. -R. P.



Lascivious lezzie-lickers suck snatch in Furburgers' cooze quartet.





One-quarter erect. Directed by Symore Merkin; starring Sahara, Angel Kelly, Syreeta Taylor, Tamara Longley, Field Marshal Bradley, Jean Valjean, Alexander James, Eric Edwards and Dick Howard. Videocassette by L.A. Video.

Black to Africa's troubles start with its box, which promises an all-star cast of urban blacks taking cosmopolitan sexuality back to the dark continent of their ancestral origin. Not only are some cast members less than stellar, there is no coherent concept to Black to. The only connection between this series of clips and outtakes is that they all involve American Negroes and were shot a few years back. Black to's troubles persist with stilted, dumb talk, a cum-shot that is shown twice within five minutes, a chestful of what we can surmise is fake jizz and an orgasm that upon multiple viewings may or may not have shot any load. Despite its low verified-cum count, Africa has a few drills and thrills, including a woman fucking herself with a celery stalk, a cafe-au-lait booty fielding a from-behind F.M. Bradley boogie, and an involving threeway pitting Eric Edwards against the salt-and-pepper gashes of Angel Kelly and Tamara Longley. Black is best bypassed, except by the extremely reverse prejudiced. -C. S.



Half Erect. Directed by F.J. Lincoln; starring Taija Rae, Sharon Mitchell, Keisha, Tiffanie Storm, Breezy Lane, Eric Edwards, Paul Thomas, Buck Adams, Billy Dee, Buddy Love, Herschel Savage and Frank James. Videocassette by Vidco.

Sleaze-grinder F.J. Lincoln has loaded Furburgers with more blabbering than the Phil Donahue Show. As a result, Furburgers is very slow to start and never really gets going because the characters talk so much between screwings. The screwings, however, are at least adequate, and in one instance superficially impressive: In the finale Eric Edwards fucks Taija Rae, jizzes her belly, then re-inserts his still-stiff stake, fucks her some more and comes again-all on what, thanks to the miracle of editing, appears to be the same hard-on. Two potentially scorching threeways are muffed by director Lincoln's inept supervision. In one, Tiffanie Storm spreads herself between Billy Dee and Buddy Love in the back of a Bronco II, but the camera is always in the wrong place-particularly for the cum-shots. The same is true of the Breezy Lane/Frank James/ Taija Rae triad. To round things out *Furburgers* features cooze quartet: Keisha, Storm, Lane and Sharon Mitchell in a scintillating fourway lez-fest. Furburgers is the video equivalent of fast food. It will sustain you until something better comes along. -R. P.

# DIAMOND COLLECTION, VOLUME 79

Shot on Video and Film.

Half Erect. Starring Desiree Lane, Craig Roberts, Robin Cannes, Tony Martino, Lisa DeLeeuw, Sheri St. Clair, Peter North, Fawn Paris and Marc Wallice. Videocassette by Cinderella Distributors.

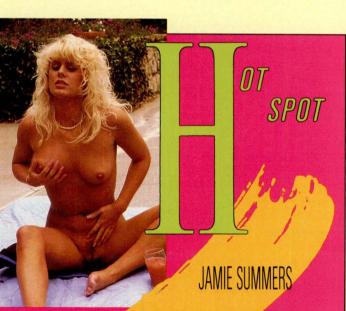


Diamond Collection compilations can generally be counted on to archive the amour of glamour pussies who have subsequently retired, married or otherwise burned-out of the onscreen sex scene. Volume 79 is no exception, featuring fucks from long-gones Desiree Lane, Lisa DeLeeuw, Fawn Paris and Robin Cannes. The opening segment, with its classical music soundtrack and Lane bestowing some of the best dick-blowing on film, harkens back to the days when porn was a cultural phenomenon. The next excerpt, Robin Cannes drooling Tony Martino's jizz onto her disgusted face, raises an eternal guestion: Just what is so appealing about the subtly repressed gag reflex of a girl who detests throating choad? Next, Lisa DeLeeuw's big boobs go everywhere as she double-bones. The three final fucks are all from Peter North, who is neither female, nor departed, and, though, two of his penile forays are up into the chocolate frontier, his overuse and a limited variety of positions and views only serve to dull the luster of this rough gem.



One-Quarter Erect. Videocassette by L.A. Visuals.

It doesn't take much of a skeptic to believe that prime-time big-screen Hollywood idols are every bit as sleazy as their slime-time blue-screen counterparts. For years minor-league cynics have traded tales of primeval skin flicks featuring the epidermal delights of Jayne Mansfield, Marilyn Monroe and Chuck Conners. In the misleading and cheesy compilationexploitation package Hollywood Stars Exposed, the putative evidence, three sections of grainy black-and-white carnal footage is sandwiched between a few salvaged ancient hard-core loops and presented for you, the jury. The oft-talked about, seldom-seen apocryphal clips, about 15 minutes in all, are devoid of production values, but will enthrall the National Enquirer reader in us all. Is that really a nude Jayne Mansfield writhing like Ginger Lynn, then submerging her lovely nakedness in a bubble bath? Is this actually Marilyn Monroe stripped down to an apple and a Coca-Cola? And can this be Rifleman Chuck Conners's cock hammering a hapless homo's hole? No one can say with certainty that it is not so. Then again, the makers of this tape suffered from sufficient uncertainty to list no credits whatsoever, not even hinting at the illustrious supposed identities of those stars exposed-inviting viewer participation. Gentlemen, start your conjectures.



From her very first sexvid appearances it was clear that succulent Jamie Summers's freshness and vigor were destined to give a much needed lift to an industry sagging with tired tarts. Under contract to Vivid Video, Jamie now has her own video series, the Brat. Only three Brats have been released so far but Vivid has been kind enough to loan out Jamie to other companies: Check out Raw Talent II and The Ladies Room for more evidence of Summers's heat.



Half Erect. Directed by Jean Charles; starring Traci Lords. Videocassette by Caballero Home Video.



Just in case there's any doubt as to who's the star of this production, Traci Lords is the only performer listed in the credits. And, to clear up any legal uncertainties, I Love You sports opening and closing disclaimers attesting that all onscreen talent, including mere mortals and Traci as well, were 18 years or older at the time of filming. But from the looks of this foreignlensed, stupidly voiced-over, sexistentialist-drear drama, it's doubtful Ms. Lords's career would have extended far into her 19th year, even had it not been truncated soon after her 18th. At the closing stage of the game, as chronicled here, Traci's provocative, petulant pout has mutated into a bored and jaded, here-we-go-again, let's-get-it-over with gritting of teeth. An unworthy Gaul dicks her from behind. She glowers at the camera. Is that lust, or is it disdain? It may be lust, but not for Froggy's frank. Still, this is the only above-counter Lords on the market. Her asshole is tongued twice-once with the voracity of a starving jackal. She is the center of a four-cock blowjob (This again?! say her eyes). Marilyn Jess and a black dildo have her heaving like the Traci of old. If you squint, you can almost believe it. But you can't help knowing that when this lady's nipples are hard, it's from cold, not passion. -C. S.



Talk Dirty: Ona Z. backs down as Joey Silvera post-probes pink.



Sheri St. Clair squeezes boner marrow from a pair of pricks in Kiss of the Gypsy.



Half Erect. Directed by Paul Vatelli; starring Christy Canyon, April May, Tess Ferre, Tom Byron, Sheri St. Clair, Joey Silvera, Amy Rogers, Honey Wilder and Herschel Savage. Videocassette by Western Visuals.

Drooling devotees of hefty-hootered former porn queen Christy Canyon are in for a treat here-if a small treat. The hitherto unreleased Kiss of the Gypsy contains a scene featuring she-of-the-massive-melons-but only one-and it's not the D-cup cupcake's finest moment either. Teamed with a jocular Joey Silvera, Christy delivers a routine fuck-highlighted by her considerable cocksucking skills. Face it, Canyon had one of those pretty/slutty faces that look extra lewd with a slab of man-tube probing 'em. Elsewhere in this episodic offering Kevin James has his way with a sultry slut in the seats of a deserted porn theater. Horny-and-hyper Sheri St. Clair and Tom Byron share a torrid twosome until Herschel Savage joins the party. Sheri celebrates by jerking both bones off on her boobs. Gypsy has moments of erotic tension and bone-strokability but, like the film it was shot on, it is washed-out and ultimately weak. For the record, Honey Wilder, the gypsy of the tape's title, doesn't actually kiss anything. It's probably just as well.

TALK DIRTY TO ME, PART V

Half Erect. Directed by Henri Pachard; Starring John Leslie, Joey Silvera, Tracey Adams, Shanna McCullough, Ona Z., Alexis Greco, Nikki Knights, Sharon Kane, Jon Martin and Robert Bullock. Videocassette by Dreamland Home Video.

This latest entry in the saga of Jack and Lenny is a mixed bag at best. Gone are the mermaids of Parts III and IV. This time everyone's favorite womanizer, Jack (John Leslie-once again excellent in a role he was born to play), is in a hospital, suffering from amnesia. Unfortunately, lighting problems mar the production, and the direction is wildly uneven and confusing: Talk V begins in a serious vein with a psychiatrist (Tracey Adams) attempting to help Jack, but devolves into broad shtick in Sharon Kane and Jon Martin's carnal encounter; sex scenes from the original Talk Dirty are inserted as flashbacks, but they're curiously ineffective; and by movie's end, when Jack regains his memory, it's unclear whether the whole thing wasn't just another clever ruse by Jack to get more pussy. With the exception of a lascivious labe-lick by Alexis Greco-who means it-and delectable Nikki Knights, the sex is mostly routine. Talk V starts out great, but ends up being merely okay. Bring back the mermaids. -Sam Lowry



This column lists and rates erotic videos and films (F) reviewed in the past issues of HUSTLER and HUSTLER'S EROTIC VIDEO GUIDE. All titles are available on videocassette.

Fully Erect
Babyface 2 (F)
Club Ecstasy
Dream Girls
Taboo V (F)

#### Three-Quarters Erect

A Lover for Susan
Caught from Behind 7
Charmed and Dangerous
Debbie Duz Dishes: Episode III
Guess Who Came at Dinner?
Moonlusting
Playpen (F)
Please Don't Stop
Pumping Irene II
Raising Hell
Satin Angels
The Mile High Girls

Half Erect

A Little Dovetail
Black Heat
Club Bed
Dr. Lust (F)
Ebony Humpers II
Genital Hospital
High Price Spread
Inspirations (F)
Let's Talk Dirty
Mitzi's Honor
Nikki and the Pom-Pom Girls
Oral Majority 3
Passion Chain
Pornocchio
Private Encounters
Starship Intercourse

The Hot Tip The Red Hot Road Runner

One-Quarter Erect
Amazing Tails I
Amazing Tails II
Good 'n' Plenty
Little Bit o' Honey
Sex Styles of the Rich and Famous
Times Square Comes Alive (F)
Walk on the Wild Side
Wet Strokes

Totally Limp
Don't Get Them Wet
The Color of Honey
Wet and Wild

**RATING GUIDE** 

FULLY ERECT Superior. A top production.

THREE-QUARTERS ERECT
Above average. Hard-on material

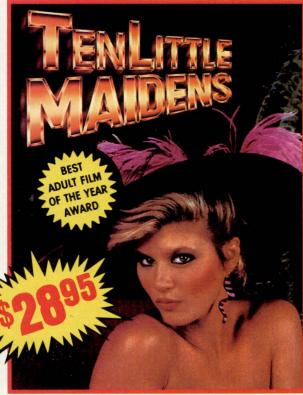
HALF ERECT Standard fare. Has moments.

ONE-QUARTER ERECT Poor. Don't expect much.

TOTALLY LIMP
A waste of time and money.

-R. P.





Starring Ginger Lynn, Harry Reems, Lisa De Leeuw, Jamie Gillis, Nina Harfley, Eric Edwards, Janey Robbins, Paul Thomas, Amber Lynn, Richard Pacheco and Kitten Natividad.

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- ALICE IN WONDERLAND
  BEHIND THE GREEN DOOR
  ANYTIME...ANY PLACE
  GOOD, THE BAD & THE HORNY
- BAD GIRLS
- PINK LAGOON
- SURRENDER IN PARADISE

- DEVIL IN MISS JONES II
- BARBARA BROADCASI
  CAFE FLESH
  1001 EROTIC NIGHTS
  LITTLE AMERICAN MAID
  GIRLS ON FIRE
  ECSTACY GIRLS
  I LIKE TO WATCH

- 8 TO 4
- COED FEVER X-RATED CARTOONS
- SEX BOAT HOT DALLAS NIGHTS
- CHARLI LITTLE GIRLS BLUE I
- CROCODILE BLONDEE NEVER SO DEEP
- BODY TALK

#### MOM!

- DEEP THROAT DEVIL IN MISS JONES I INSIDE SEKA
- **DIRTY WESTERN**
- INSIDE LITTLE ORAL ANNIE

- INSIDE LITTLE ORAL ANNIE TASTE OF MONEY EROTIC ANIMATION FESTIVAL INSIDE JENNIFER WELLES RAMBONE THE DESTROYER FOR RICHER FOR POORER
- DEEP INSIDE ANNIE SPRINKLE
- TIGRESSES EXPENSIVE TASTE
- LADY MADONNA

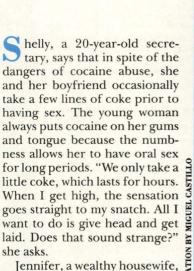
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  ALL ABOUT GLORIA LEONARD
  TAXI GIRLS
  LIKE A VIRGIN I
  LIKE A VIRGIN II
  REEL PEOPLE
  FOUR X FEELING
  HEAVENLY DESIRE

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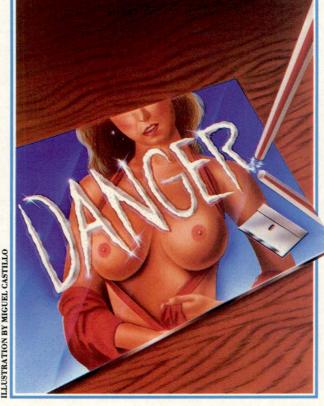


#### COCAINE AND SEX THE RISKS OUT-WEIGH THE THRILLS



Jennifer, a wealthy housewife, has been taking cocaine with sex for a few years. She realizes that she gets out of control at times, but doesn't think that she has a problem. The attractive-older woman always begins her sex and cocaine sessions the same way; by getting nude, snorting six or seven lines very quickly, then waiting for the familiar rush of stimulation to her genitals. Jennifer slowly rubs the finely-powdered white coke

around the delicate folds of her cunny anticipating the numbness. She retrieves her favorite mirror, placing it directly in front of herself. Alone with her erotic fantasies, she uses a cocaine tipped vibrator, which she holds gently against her clitoris. Jennifer was so sexually overheated that when Rob, her husband, walked through the door, she almost tore his clothes off. Anxiously Jennifer would spread cocaine all over Rob's knob, then she'd lick it off. Oral sex with coke had always been her favorite erotic activity. Rob would carefully place small amounts of cocaine on Jenny's clit, then after holding the fine substance there until it melted, would slowly lick off the remainder of the drug. Lately, Jennifer becomes so sexually excited that she now takes on any sexual challenge that might satisfy her.



#### BY ALAN MEYERS

Many areas in the sexual world have remained hidden for too long behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy. In keeping with HUSTLER Magazine's belief that the repression of any and all sexual information is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of revealing articles to keep your sexual knowledge current, to lessen your inhibitions and—ultimately—to make you a much better lover.

Jennifer and Rob agree that applying cocaine in the anus is the most erotically stimulating experience they have had. Rob would place a small amount of coke on his index finger, slowly inserting it into his wife's pink, puckered asshole. She knew from past experience that cocaine in the rectal canal can cause serious internal problems, but Jennifer was so high that nothing mattered except maintaining the buzz. Rob and Jenny would use a variety of spoons and glass tubes to push the coke deep into the other's dirt chute, finding this experience to be highly erotic. This session lasted 36 hours with Ron and Jennifer consuming 13 grams of coke.

David, a stockbroker and longtime cocaine user hasn't had a female sex partner for six months. His new lover is cocaine. The businessman takes cocaine alone and immediately begins an anal fixation that intensifies until the coke is depleted. He may sit for hours at a

time fixing his attention on his browneye, all the while packing gram after gram of coke into his numbed rectum. Even though David never achieves an erection, he utilizes a variety of vibrators and other sex aids to help him masturbate. He loses himself as well as his contact with reality in his erotic sexual fantasies.

These four people describe what appears to be very different experiences with sex and cocaine. Although they seem dissimilar, all four individuals are following the same social sexual progression of cocaine use leading to abuse. Jennifer and Rob have progressed to a stage where they are losing control over the drug, and as a result are developing sexual behaviors that are harmful to their emotional and physical health. David has replaced a human lover with a chemical one; while con-



suming large quantities of the drug, he engages in self-destructive behaviors and activities. Shelly is just beginning, but she enjoys the exhilaration she gets from cocaine and has no plans to stop.

Most couples undergoing treatment for cocaine abuse at the National Addiction Research Foundation's Cocaine Clinic in Tucson, Arizona, speak openly about the sexual behaviors and problems that accompany cocaine abuse. Some couples are not aware that placing the crystalline alkaloid with its inherent adulterants in different body cavities can cause dryness, infection, destruction of the mucous membranes, as well as many other internal complications.

It is common practice for cocaine users to ingest the drug through a variety of routes, including intranasal, oral, vaginal, anal, intravenous, and by smoking it. Toxic doses of the drug may easily build, due to the variety of absorption rates in different parts of the body. Many report that using cocaine for sex is very stimulating, although the more often they consumed it, the more psychologically and emotionally depressed they became.

Cocaine users follow a clear progression of social/sexual stages from recreational use to habitual abuse. The length of time taken to progress from one stage to another may vary from a few weeks to a few years. This is not to imply that all co-

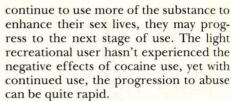
caine users progress to more chronic stages of use, nor that all coke users practice sex with the drug. Quite a few individuals do, however, realize that changes in sexual behavior may occur the more frequently one uses the drug and the higher the doses one uses:

### THE SOCIAL/SEXUAL PROGRESSION OF COCAINE USE The Light Recreational User

The light recreational user typically does not buy cocaine, but instead will take small amounts offered in a social setting. Therefore, patterns of use are not evident, due to the infrequency of contact with the drug. Cocaine is not an important part of this person's life. Employment and interpersonal relationships remain unchanged. This person may actually take small amounts of cocaine for the first time in a sexual situation.

Kevin and his wife tried cocaine one night at a party. They didn't think that it had affected them except for their heightened arousal. They tried it again with the same result. The couple are aware of the exorbitant expense of the drug, as well as the potential for abuse, but they intend to continue taking coke before sex when it's available.

Bob and Janet are beginning to experiment with cocaine and sex, and at this point see no harm in their use. As they



The Recreational User

The recreational user begins to purchase cocaine, normally buying amounts ranging from one to seven grams. This person takes coke as a recreational diversion. As social activities that include the drug increase, dosages begin to escalate due to increased availability. As a result a recognizable pattern of use develops.

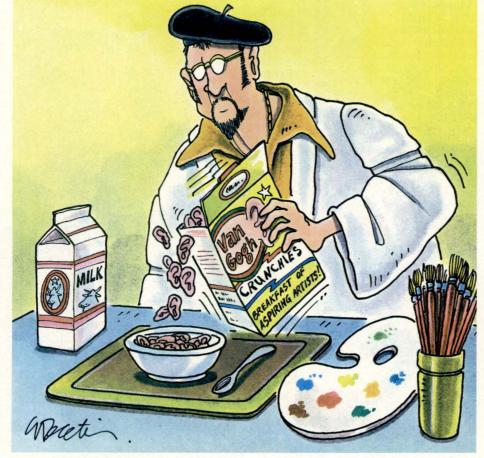
Sexual experimentation continues, with cocaine playing a more important role. Users try different routes of administration such as oral and smoking, experimenting with small amounts of cocaine on the gums, nipples, vagina and penis. Cocaine takes its initial action in the cortex of the brain. It is easy to understand how behaviors can become so drastically altered when the reinforcement—the cocaine—has its effect on the pleasure center of the brain. These heightened sexual feelings make cocaine and sex a powerful combination.

Joanna, a model, takes cocaine while having sex as often as five times per month. She has been taking more coke lately, since she found that smoking cocaine gets her the most sexually aroused. Joanna and Nicholas, her lover, share two or three pipes of freebase prior to making love. In a few minutes, they can't keep their hands off of each other. They have been experimenting by applying the coke to Joanna's moistened nipples and clitoris. She develops erotic fantasies while watching Nick lick the coke from her, and he becomes so obsessed with her pussy that he may continue his oral administrations for long periods of time, -lost in his own fantasies. The young couple takes large amounts of coke on their tongues and kiss, numbing each others' mouths. They learned that when they start these erotic sessions, they can't stop taking the coke until it's gone.

Joanna demonstrates a very typical progression of use to abuse. She is steadily losing control. She and Nicholas have been experimenting with other routes of administration and have been increasing their intake of cocaine, alcohol and other drugs. They don't believe that they have a problem and have not considered stopping or decreasing their usage.

Jackie, a university student, lives with Andrew, who is also a student and a coke dealer. They have been taking cocaine in higher dosages and with more frequency, causing their sexual behavior to change

(continued on page 116)



# HUSTLER



HUSTLER HUMOR is so hilarious, it even <u>feels</u> funny! Ask these guys! They can see that every issue (9 a year now!!!) is jam-packed with the same

kind of outrageous cartoons and irreverent jokes that have made HUSTLER famous. So don't grab your seeing-eye dog and start hunting for a newsstand save mon now! Just below. HU dog and start hunting for a

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#### LAST LOVE

Colleen Appelgate

ARTICLE BY LONN M. FRIEND

To millions of adultfilm fans, she was
Shauna Grant, the
always-innocent, evernaive sex kitten who
gave porn the most
unique superstar it
ever had. But to the
last man in her life,
she was simply Colleen
... a plain, mixed-up
little girl who no onenot even he-could
prevent from destroying herself.







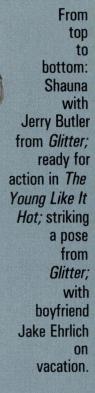








Photo by Stephen Hicks



Colleen Applegate (a/k/a Shauna Grant) 1963-1984



#### THE LAST LOVE

# Porn queen Shauna Grant did not bring celebrity to Colleen Applegate's hometown.

Call it the classic Hollywood tragedy. Farmington, Minnesota. A sleepy little town 30 miles south of Minneapolis. A clean-cut, American town where the word normal describes everything from the landscape to the residents. Colleen Applegate was born and raised here and, for the first 17-odd years of her life, she exemplified the look and character befitting a young girl from America's heartland.

After graduating from high school, however, Colleen got restless. Her hometown became more insufferably boring with each passing day. With this growing unrest came teenage anxieties not uncommon to big-city girls. Boys, pimples, booze and parties. She even swallowed a bottle of pills one night, not so much to kill herself, but to get attention. No one was noticing Colleen in Farmington, and she wanted desperately to be noticed. She left town soon before her 18th birthday in the spring of 1982. Her destination: Hollywood. The place where everyone has a chance of being noticed . . . and of being a star.

Colleen and her Minnesota boyfriend,

Mike Marcell, languished for a while upon reaching Los Angeles. Work was hard to find, and they didn't know anyone in town. Things changed. Later that spring Colleen answered a newspaper ad soliciting nude models. Jim Southe, notorious porn agent and maker of countless adult-film stars, got Colleen work almost immediately. Within weeks, she'd shot layouts for virtually every major and minor skin magazine on the stands. Marcell didn't approve of Colleen's new career. They broke up.

One afternoon adult-film maker Bobby Hollander was in Jim Southe's San Fernando Valley office looking for girls for his next production. That day Colleen's life took a dramatic turn. Hollander was mesmerized by Colleen's "peaches-and-cream" innocence and startling natural beauty. He told her he could make her a superstar of adult films, and he gave her a new name for her pending fame: Shauna Grant.

From summer 1982 to summer 1983, Shauna Grant starred in 30 X-rated films and videos and had sex onscreen with 37 different male partners, not to mention a

number of female partners. Her most notable titles include: The Young Like It Hot, Virginia, Suzie Superstar, Summer Camp Girls, Maneaters, All-American Girls in Heat, Glitter, Private School Girls, Personal Touch II and Centerfold Celebrities #3 and #5. The latter three efforts were for her mentor, Hollander. She made personal appearances at conventions, award shows and premieres. Her star shone in a business of dubious distinctions and questionable reputations. Back in Farmington, family and friends shook their heads in disbelief. Porn queen Shauna Grant did not bring celebrity to Colleen Applegate's hometown. She brought embarrassment and ridicule.

Along with stardom came the perverse perks of the trade: celebrity parties, off-screen promiscuity and the most affective and irresistible perk of them all, co-caine. Colleen became instantly attracted to the drug. It came to play an integral part in her life . . . and death.

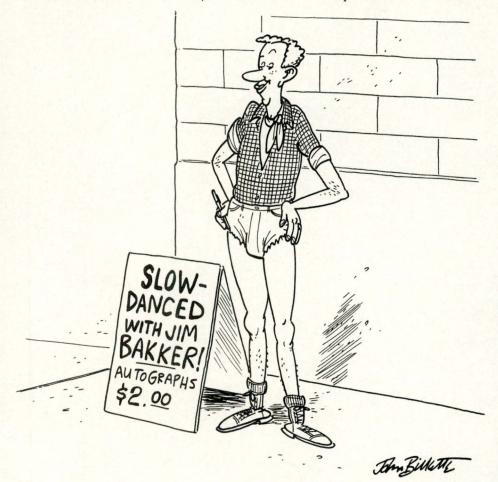
In the summer of 1983 Colleen met a man, a very special man. He was not in the porn business, but he knew people in it. Some of them were "customers." He was a cocaine dealer. That summer, Colleen fell in love with this man who would change her life forever.

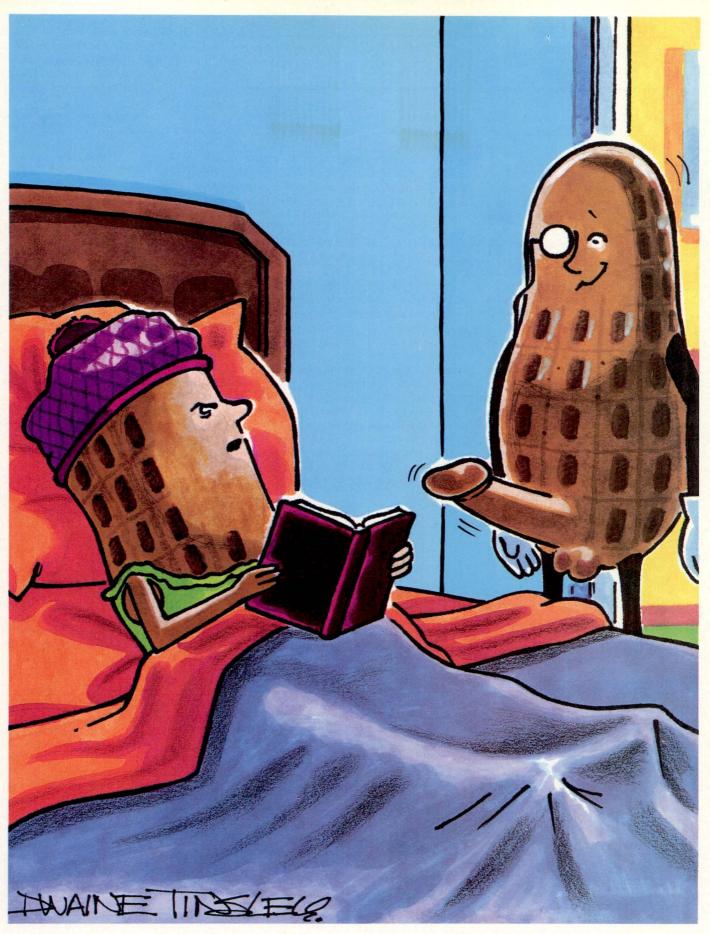
Jake Ehrlich's Palm Springs home is quiet and clean. Far from the expensive decoration and glamorous decadence of those desert dwellings inhabited by the likes of Hope, Sinatra and the late Liberace, Ehrlich's home is—in a word—modest. The tall, balding 46-year-old native of Brooklyn, New York, points to a plastered-over hole in the bedroom wall, six inches above the mattress.

"I haven't gotten around to painting over it," he says. Ehrlich still sleeps in the bed where his former girlfriend, Colleen Applegate, put a bullet through her brain and ended her life 3½ years ago.

On a wood-paneled wall adjacent to the sliding glass door leading out to the back yard and pool, hang a few framed photographs. Colleen's face is in several of them. In one shot, Jake and Colleen (she's clad in a conservative, pretty pink dress) stand and smile brightly on a staircase. There's also a videobox titled Maximum, Volume 4 stuck to the wall. On it, Colleen (as Shauna Grant) pouts with sexual suggestiveness, her lipsticked red mouth lightly sucking on a finger.

Jake removes a photo album from the bookcase next to the TV. He relaxes on his couch and thumbs the pages. Colleen's image appears in various forms. In one slick, fashion shot she's dressed to kill, with heavy makeup and elegantly permed hair; a picture of Shauna Grant. In another, she's plain-faced, childlike, in a T-shirt and jeans; that girl from Minne-





"No more blowjobs, mister. Your sperm sticks to the roof of my mouth!"

#### THE LAST LOVE

#### "I had the coke, the Quaaludes. I offered her everything. And she took it."

sota. Elsewhere in the album, more revealing shots show Colleen naked, alone on the sofa, partying with friends (some are recognized stars of porn) and posing with Jake. She looks happy.

"I first saw her in an issue of *Penthouse*," he recalls. "She was gorgeous. I had to meet her. So I told this friend I knew in the adult-film business about her. He said, 'Don't worry, Jake, she's Bobby Hollander's girl. I can fix it for ya."

Back in those days, Jake could get a lot of things "fixed," just by picking up the phone. He wielded great power and influence over people because he had what everyone wanted—cocaine. Jake was a major dealer. His clients included wealthy local Palm Springs residents, L.A. businessmen, pro football players and, of course, porn people.

Jack Ehrlich was born on the streets and has lived his life in and out of trouble since he was a small child. When he was four years old, he burned down a house. At age six, he moved to the 20th Avenue area of Brooklyn, the "mobster area" as he calls it. Jake would shine shoes for the

big Mob bosses and make good tips. He remembers a guy with a wooden leg who once crushed his shoeshine box with his leg. Later in life, Jake became a professional schemer, concocting elaborate business scams that netted him great sums of money. He did time in an Italian prison. He'd grown accustomed to flirting with trouble, and he enjoyed getting what he wanted.

Bobby Hollander became one of Jake's good customers. He did the favor of introducing Jake to Colleen.

"We sort of goo-goo eyed each other," Jake recalls. "I was really interested, especially after I met her the second time at Bobby's house. She was really sweet."

A few weeks after their initial meeting, Jake drove up to L.A. on business. He asked Bobby if he could take Colleen back to Palm Springs for one of his famous parties. At Jake's house, the swimming was good, the booze flowed, the pinball machine worked nonstop, and the coke fell from the sky. It was a hard offer for Colleen to refuse. She went with Jake to Palm Springs and never returned.

"I really made her feel comfortable,"

INFORMATION

"Try to get her bra off and massage her titties. Next, rub her pussy until it gets real juicy, then . . . ."

he says. "She liked me; she liked my pad. We really dug each other. I had the coke, the Quaaludes. I offered her everything. And she took it." There was no reason for Colleen to go back to L.A. and back to Shauna Grant. She believed she'd found something better.

Jake admits cocaine was a prime motivation for her staying at first, but he insists she hid her voracious passion for the drug at the time. Jake gave Colleen much more besides cocaine. He gave her security, a comfortable home away from the sex business and, later on, the responsible job of managing Pelle, a leathergoods store Jake opened in downtown Palm Springs. "I gave her respectability too," he insists. "That's something she never had. She liked the respectability, not because she was a porn star, but because she was my girlfriend."

During the initial months with Jake, Colleen reopened communications with her parents in Minnesota. She'd call her mother for recipes and tell her how happy she was. According to Jake, though, Colleen and her parents were never close.

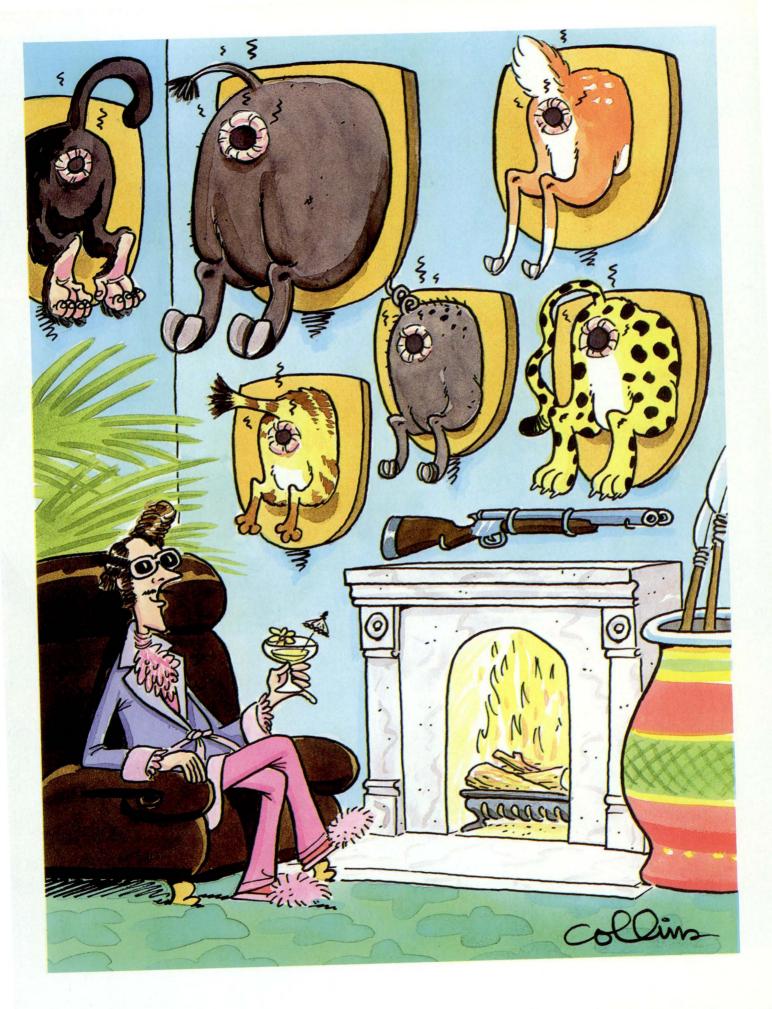
"She never talked much about her father, but she did love her brother very much. They talked a lot."

Despite the security, fun and moderate contentment Colleen shared with Jake, the relationship began to sour around the winter of 1983. Jake blames it on cocaine. "I didn't know how addicted she was until much later on," he claims. "But I know her personality started changing because of it. She lost a considerable amount of weight. I started to figure out what was happening."

The genuineness of Jake's naivete regarding when and how he discovered Colleen was a full-blown coke addict is open to discussion. He was, after all, dealing the stuff. He argues that even though he was dealing, he tried to curb her consumption. What seems to be true, according to those who knew her when she was active in porn as Shauna Grant, is that coke was a part of her life from the very beginning. In his exhaustively researched May 6, 1984, Los Angeles Times article, "The Death of Colleen," writer Michael London observed, "As Colleen's income grew, so did her taste for cocaine. The drug helped her keep her weight down, an appealing benefit for a girl who didn't consider herself particularly attractive."

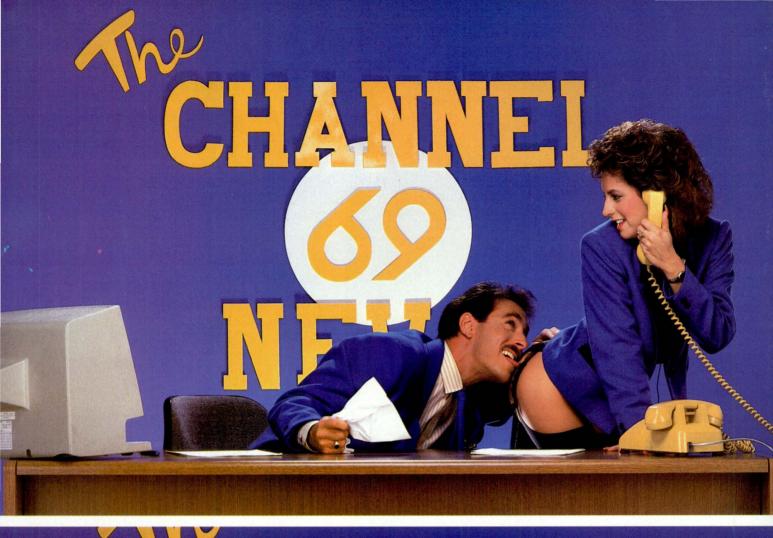
London also identified the drawbacks associated with Colleen's excessive drug use: "Although Colleen had what her friends regarded as a remarkable facility for concealing the effects of her cocaine use, [photographers] Ed Holzman and Suze Randall both observed a growing flakiness. She cancelled appointments

DECEMBER HUSTLER



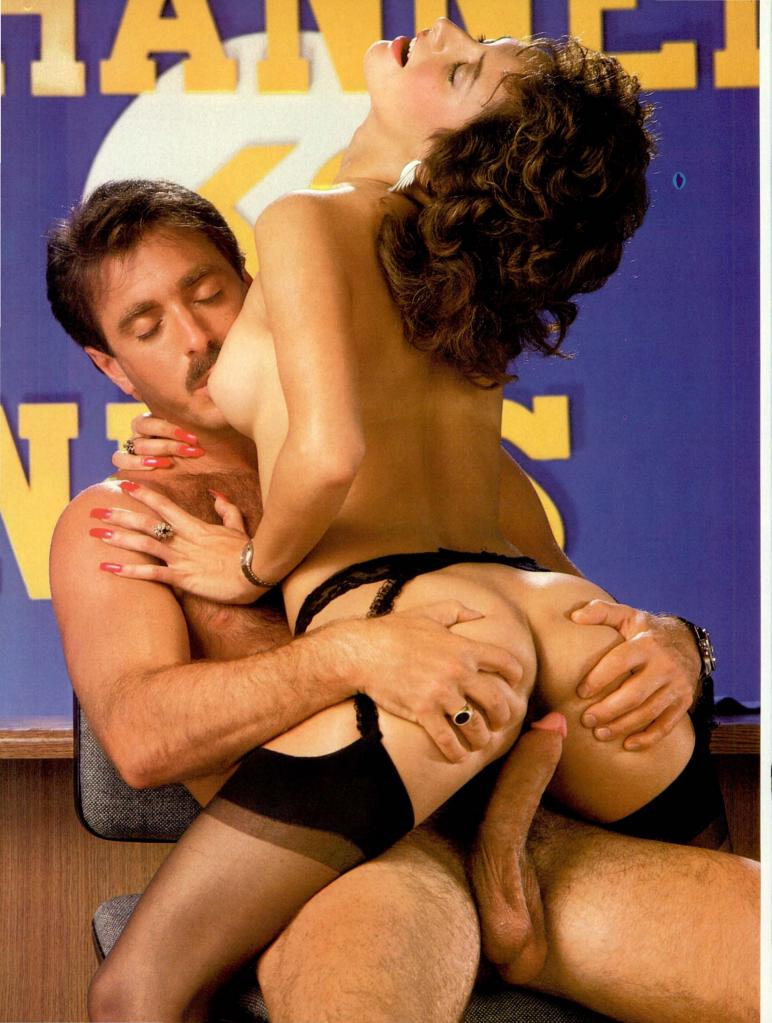




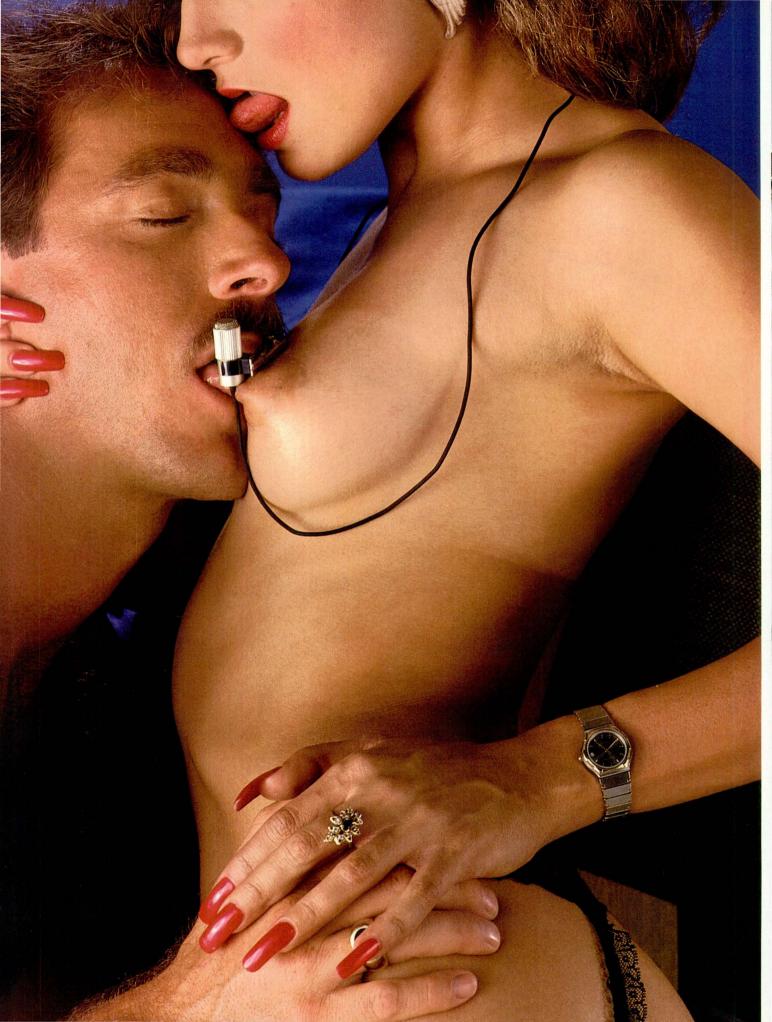






















## THE LAST LOVE (continued from page 34)

"She went into the bathroom and started throwing glasses. She was coked-out, crazy."

and brazenly skipped many more."

Perhaps Colleen had been able to hide her drug dependence from Jake during the early months of their relationship. But once things went bad and cocaine was a more and more important part of Colleen's life, Jake recognized the need to do something to keep her from emotionally self-destructing. He, after all, cared a great deal for her and didn't want to lose her. The two of them had, despite all the narcotic distractions, fallen in love. But that love was on the rocks.

Jake decided a quick cure for the situation would be a vacation. He booked the two of them on a \$4,000 Princess Cruise tour. He wanted Colleen to have a fantastic time and get away from the house for a while. His intentions were honorable, but his methods were questionable, to say the least. He brought nine grams of coke and a "handful of Quaaludes" along for the seven-day cruise.

"It was a long trip. What's nine grams?" he shrugs, failing to address the fact that the mere presence of the drug can't help but compound the problem. "You figure you're going to party, give

some away." Such was not the case. Colleen did almost the entire nine grams. "I couldn't do it," Jake recalls, "I had a sinus problem at the time."

Colleen's reckless overuse of the drug led to an ugly emotional scene shortly

into the voyage.

"We'd just finished having sex," he remembers. "She gets up, gets dressed and says she wants to go upstairs and dance. I was tired and told her to go ahead alone. After about an hour I couldn't sleep and went upstairs looking for her. I went up to the disco, and there's no one there. I asked the bartender where the entertainer was-Colleen had mentioned this guy earlier to me. 'He left with the girl,' the bartender tells me. I went looking all over the ship for her, and I can't find her anywhere. So I went back to the bartender and asked him what cabin this entertainer was in. He told me. As I snuck up to the door, I could hear them moaning and groaning. I banged on the door. 'Colleen,' I yelled, 'I don't have the key to my fucking door. You have it. I want the fucking key, and I want you out here. Now!' All of a sudden, there's a dead

quiet. I start yelling again. 'If you're not out here in five minutes, I'll get the captain to open this fucking door!' Two minutes later, she comes out. She'd been doing coke and messing around with this guy. We got back to our cabin, and I let her have it. I told her I could hear her and not to deny it. She didn't, but she started flipping out on me. She went into the bathroom and started throwing glasses around. She was coked-out and crazy. I got scared. She said 'I don't know what's wrong with me, Jake. What the fuck is going on with me?' I got weak again, like I had many times before, and I said, 'Okay, let's go home. We'll start over again."

But it was too late to start over.

On February 21, 1984, Jake Ehrlich was arrested for violation of parole. It was the beginning of the end for Colleen. She visited Jake three times at the L.A. County Jail, where he was incarcerated.

"When she came, I became a celebrity," he recalls. "She would sign autographs for everyone, the prisoners and the guards." That excitement was superficial and short-lived. Jake tried to communicate with Colleen by phone, attempting to dissolve the relationship that he knew couldn't survive. At this time, Colleen was in great distress and thoroughly confused.

"It was clear that Colleen was in trouble, and the trouble had to do with Ehrlich's business affairs," writes Michael London. "She let bills go unpaid and spent his money freely, much of it on cocaine and Quaaludes, according to friends. Before long, the leather store, the Palm Springs house and his other business dealings were in desperate need of attention.

"Colleen told friends that she received threatening calls from Ehrlich's house and believed she was under surveillance from associates or enemies of Ehrlich. The villains may have been imaginary."

"I never threw her out of the house," Jake retorts, long upset by early allegations that he threatened Colleen and ordered her out.

"I told her I thought it was best she leave, and that I'd help her. I left her \$2,000 to pay bills, but she spent the money all on drugs. I was unable to help her from jail."

Indeed, there was little Jake could do from his tiny cell to prevent the pending disaster. Exactly 30 days after he was taken away by Palm Springs police, Colleen committed suicide in Jake's bed. She was depressed, bewildered, lonely and utterly snow-blind from a four-gram-a-day habit. The news of Colleen's death put Jake in the jail mental ward for two days.

"I was going crazy. They stuck me in the mental ward and tied my hands and (continued on page 104)





"Don't worry, honey, I ain't met a dick yet that scared me!"









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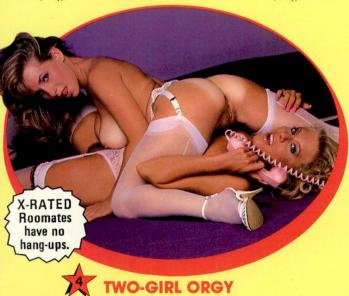




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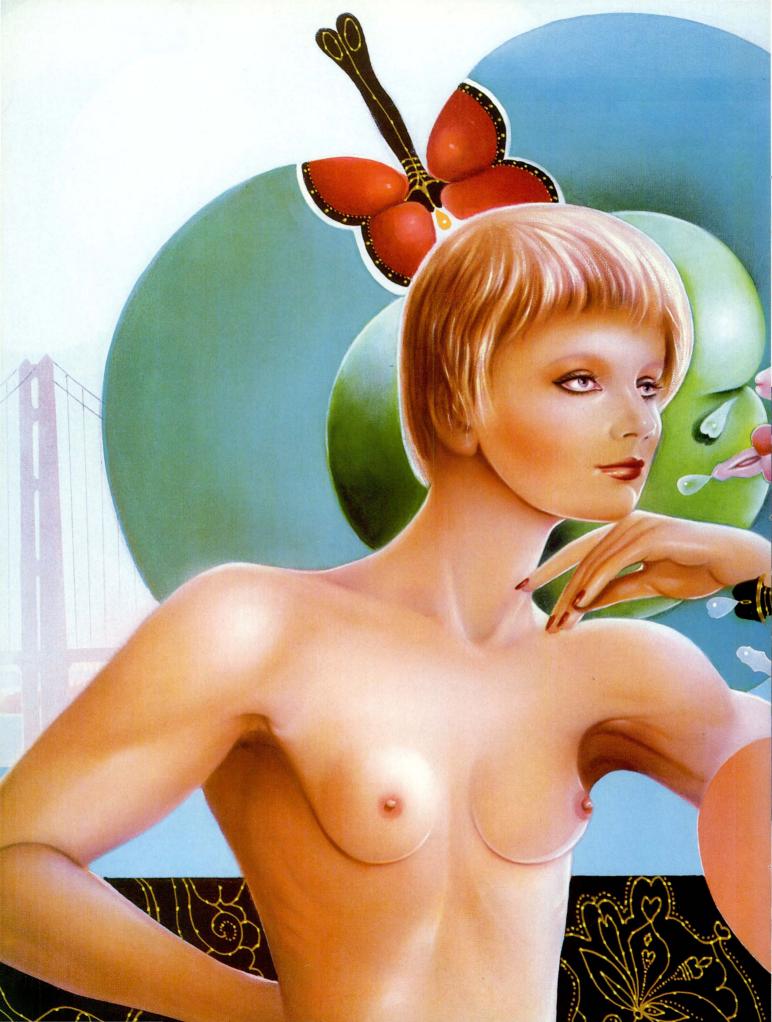


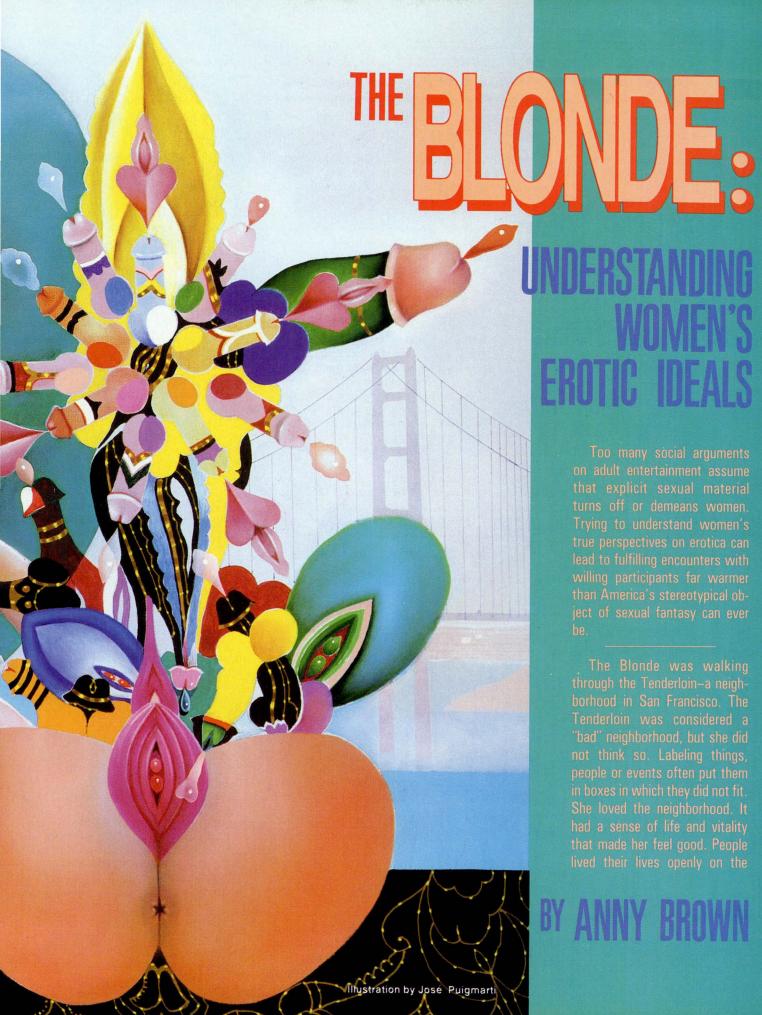












BY ANNY BROWN

# She imagined his mouth, the hair on his chest, the narrowness of his waist, the muscles of his ass, and his cock.

streets, and it felt like a healthy chaos out of which something could grow. Many of the Southeast Asian refugees who had flooded into San Francisco had settled in this district because it was one of the few neighborhoods where cheap housing was still available. There were street signs in characters as well as letters, small restaurants reeking of grilled meat and chicken smells and a feeling of industriousness. Often she dallied on her way home through the neighborhood's crowded streets.

She was doing just this one Saturday afternoon when she noticed, out of the corner of her eye, that she was being followed by two black men: One in his 30s and one older. The gray in his hair gave to him that touch of wisdom and sophistication which she loved. She liked the feeling of them; so she slowed down as they caught up. "Say," the older man said, "is it really true that blondes have more fun?"

She smiled to herself and wondered if people who asked her this thought it was new dialogue to her. She looked the man in the eye and said, "If you mean does it give me a position of privilege in a whitedominated society, yes. If you mean do people–especially men–paste all sorts of labels on me due to their idea of what it means to be a blonde, no."

The older man was visibly taken back, stopped where he stood. "Now you," he said, "are a lady with whom I can have a conversation." Then like any gallant knight in any fairy tale of old, he escorted her until their paths diverged. As they separated he said, "Walk this way again."

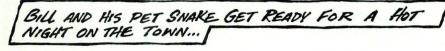
The Blonde was traveling. It was a necessity dictated by her work. On this day, her day off, she was drinking a strong cup of black coffee and contemplating the nature of reality. It was Memorial Day, 1984. Folks were remembering their war dead by bringing flowers and flags to the grassy, green cemetery that lay between the condominium where she was staying and the towering mountain that was always shrouded in fog. Folks seemed to have a strange ability to remember their war dead without remembering how they got that way. The Blonde was feeling disgusted with humanity. She rose up on one cheek of her buttocks and enjoyed

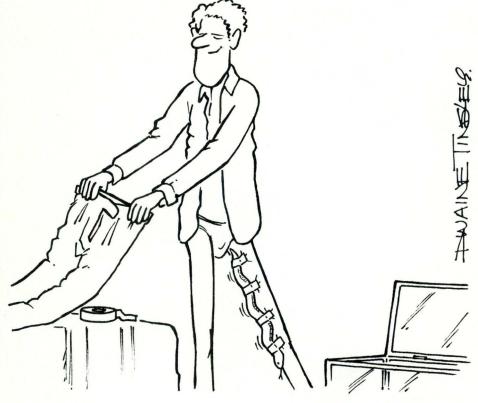
the sensuality of escaping gas. She liked the way it felt rumbling and rolling through her intestines and all the sounds air could make being forced through a narrow passage. She remembered a speech teacher saying that it was only fate that made our organ of articulation our mouths and not our assholes.

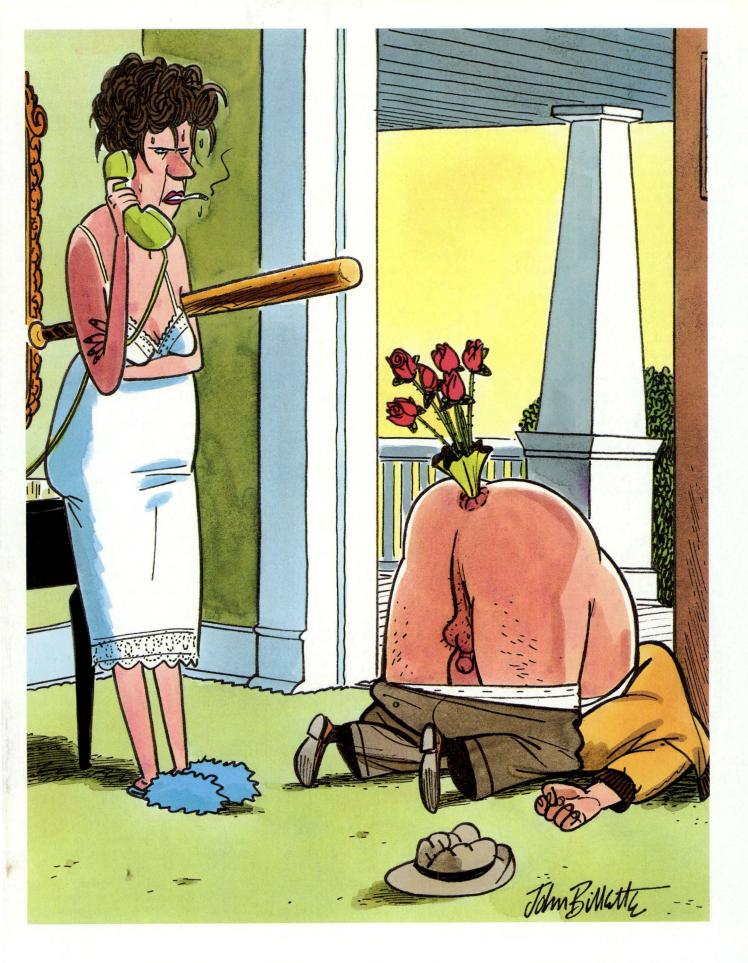
The Blonde was thinking that most men were basically assholes. This was no reflection on her love of farting. She could, however, feel that their complacent sense of superiority was being threatened. That's why the idea of "dumb blonde" had been created to begin with. A Blonde-the ideal of this culturecombined with a mind was just too powerful. Women must be kept in their place. This place, as everyone well knew in the 1980s, was in service to the male ego. She put both hands on her round firm ass for a moment and then on her breasts. "These are mine," she whispered fiercely. The Blonde took another sip of her coffee and thought about her man. She imagined his mouth, the hair on his chest, the narrowness of his waist, the muscles of his ass, and his cock. "Men," she sighed. She was, however, beginning to see a mutation in the species these days. Her man was like a cat-dog. No question that a cat-dog was a dog, but it had catlike qualities woven in; the way it moved, kept its own council, its quiet intelligence and its sensitivity. The "all dog-dog" had no appeal to her. He was ruled by his testosterone, peed on every bush. Hormones controlled him, and he wanted to fight or fuck everything he saw. He needed to boast to assure himself, resented and feared the unconscious dependence he had on woman.

By 5:00 p.m. the sun was beginning to soften. For once there had not been a cloud in the sky, but the mountain on the horizon still was obscured by a film of smog. The Blonde narrowed her eyes and was already in bed with her man. Her vagina opened wet and soft to his hardness. Reunion, sweet reunion. She pulled herself back from her fantasy to think about packing; she returned home tomorrow.

Back in San Francisco, it was hard for her to believe, that just yesterday, she had been 2,000 miles away. She reflected on the strange way in which traveling made her question reality. Any place she had just left had no more substance than a dream. The rural location of the city where she had been was forcing her to observe the inhumanity bred by the overcrowding of her more urban city. Feeling languid and calm from last night's loving she had today decided to re-orient by wandering and shopping. She bought a fish in a black neighborhood and watched the man behind the counter overcharge her because she was white.







"Yeah, Marge, the son of a bitch came rolling in this morning and tried to apologize . . . ."

## THE BLONDE

## The Blonde flashed her tits to the sun and shook her ass. "This body is mine," she said with steel behind her smile.

Since she understood the age-old war that motivated this action, she pretended not to notice. In back of her wide-open eyes, however, her focus became narrow and scrutinizing.

The Blonde went to a cafe, drank a glass of red wine and yawned. Miss America had been dethroned after some nude pictures of her giving up the pussy to another woman had been published in a porn magazine. "Too bad the girl didn't have a little more courage," thought the Blonde. She could have made a statement for American women and challenged the ideal. What ideal? The ideal that nice girls don't. The contest was based on the body beautiful, but the body beautiful had better stay in its place. That place was under the male control of female sexuality. The Blonde flashed her tits to the sun and shook her ass. "This body is mine," she said with steel behind her smile. "Share it with you I may, but it's mine. Your approval of its worth I do not need, 'cause it's mine!" She left the cafe and moved on to laugh at the little man up the street who had issues of Penthouse out on the sidewalk and was questioning upping the

price a dollar. The pornographers were getting rich. Business as usual.

As the day drew to a close, the Blonde returned to approach the street where she lived. Her neighborhood, was considered a "bad" neighborhood, but was changing for the "better" through the process of gentrification. Reflecting again on the labels of bad and good, she rounded the corner to her apartment. Every corner had a whore on it. Another woman was paralleling her course, and a slight smile slid out from under her eyes as she noticed the hookers. The Blonde realized she had a smile in her eyes too. Did their smiles come from the same place? The Blonde's was ironic. As long as men controlled the marketplace, all women were prostitutes.

She fixed some chicken, took a bath and prepared to spread her legs when her man walked in the door. She had been thinking about sex all day. The cycle was moving toward the full moon. In her mind, she published her own erotic magazine. There was satin in it and silks. There were shadows flickering in the candle light and the scent of gardenia blown

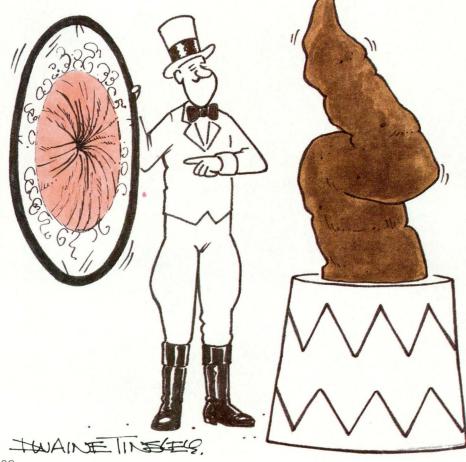
by the night air. There were breasts with erect nipples and hard cocks with moisture glistening on their tips. More than anything, there were mouths, hands and eyes. Hands so gentle that her body yielded to them. A mouth so soft that she gladly lost the separateness of her self in it. And eyes that opened wide to her, eyes that in the constant and continual exchange of selves, wove love and sex together.

Several months passed. The Blonde was in a mood. Her belly felt tight and full of the need to release. This September morning, as yesterday's morning, was dark, cold and overcast. Her gut spoke to her of the coming of shorter days. The Blonde was at a crossroad. She didn't know if she could put a name on it. The fear was of losing control, of being willing to accept not knowing. Was this a function of growing older, she wondered? There was something she wanted to be. Some state of being she wished to achieve swam past her just out of sight. She could only catch the glint of the reflection. Where would her fate take her if she gave herself up to it? Perhaps it was one of those mystical notions with which one passed the time when boredom was the only alternative. She only knew she was tired of struggling. For no rational reason, she decided to start writing an erotic novel.

She got up and stood naked in front of the mirror. The idea of women's bodies and their sexuality, she realized, was not created by women but by men. Porn magazines and movies, although they featured women, were created by men for men. Few women owned, edited, published, or did the photography for them. She had no idea of how to begin.

A day passed and the sight that had most stirred her in the last 24 hours was a planterbox full of celery. The celery had been strong and bright green and brought life to the city sidewalk. A fierce desire had risen in her that the plants should live. She had no idea of what to do with the image; so she let it lie and started to think about Will Battle.

Will Battle was a working man. He adored her, but the part of her he could never touch and that she could not share with him was the part of her that thought the sexiest thing she had seen was five celery plants straining toward the sun. She admitted to herself that some of the things she wore to bed and much of the kind of sex they had was to please Will and not herself. Sex seemed separate for men. In its separateness, it seemed to take on larger-than-life dimensions and all-consuming proportions. For the Blonde, the sex act itself was just one small part of an enormous design. She (continued on page 108)









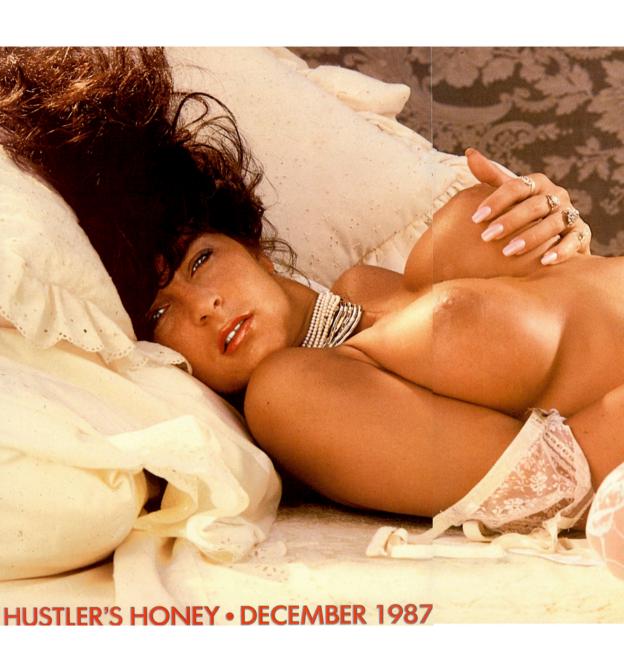




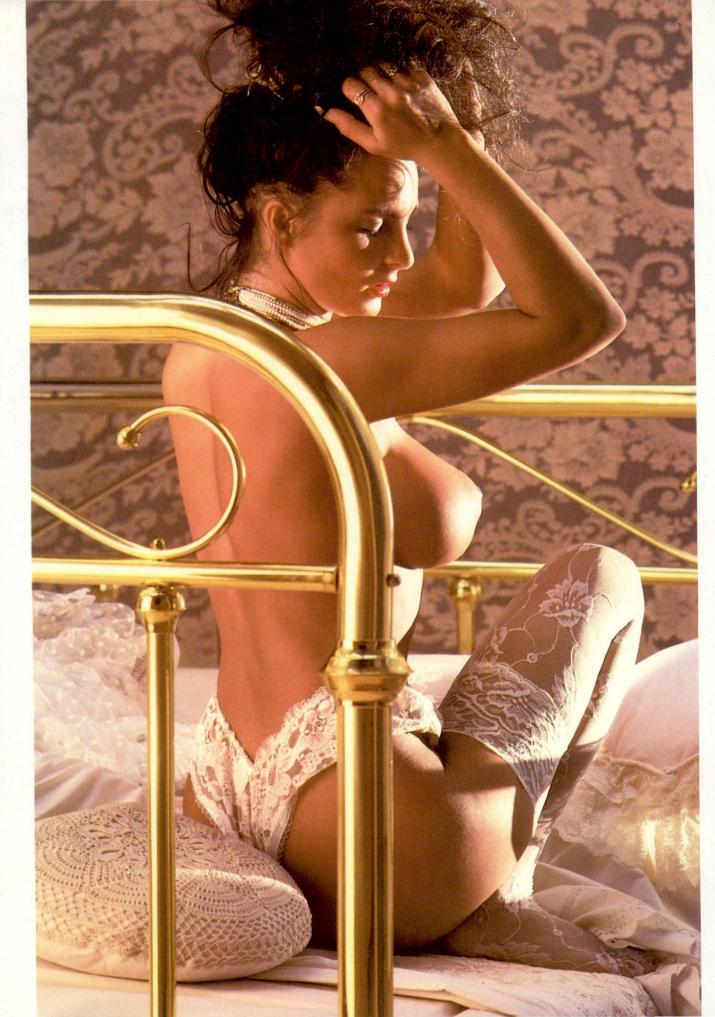




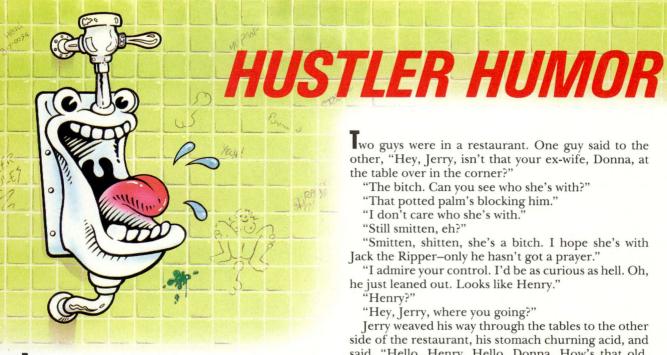












A wealthy older couple were dining in a posh restaurant when an attractive young woman approached the table, leaned over and kissed the older man passionately. The bimbo uttered, "Oh, Frank, thank you for that new mink. It's a beautiful stole." The sexy young thing then strutted away seductively. The old man's wife was stunned. Her mouth was hanging open, and a look of pure shock was evident on her face.

"Just who the hell was that, Frank?"
"That was my mistress, Helen," the old man replied

"Your mistress! Well then, I want a divorce," the old woman announced.

"All right, if that's what you wish, dearest, but think of the jewelry, the unlimited expense account, the trips around the world and all the other extravagant perks you'd be giving up if you divorce me."

His wife settled down, then she noticed an older couple that they knew dining at another table across the way. "Isn't that Victor and his wife over there? And who is that young hussie bending over Victor and kissing him?" the rich, old man's wife asked.

'That's Victor's mistress," Frank replied.

"Oh," the old woman responded. "Our mistress is much better-looking."

uestion: What do Ronald Reagan and an old typewriter have in common?

Answer: They both have semi-colons and no memory.

wo Polacks entered an opium den, and as soon as they were in the door, they started picking up used hypodermic needles, so that they could shoot heroin. One junkie noticed what they were doing and said, "Hey, you're going to get AIDS doing that ."

The Polacks answered, "Not a chance. We're wear-

ing condoms."

A woman stormed into her husband's office, waving a newspaper and shouted, "Read this!"

He looked it over and said, "Why, it's the obituary

"That's right," she sneered. "I found out where you were last night, and I wanted you to know where you'll be tomorrow!"

wo guys were in a restaurant. One guy said to the other, "Hey, Jerry, isn't that your ex-wife, Donna, at the table over in the corner?'

"The bitch. Can you see who she's with?"

"That potted palm's blocking him."

"I don't care who she's with."

"Still smitten, eh?"

"Smitten, shitten, she's a bitch. I hope she's with Jack the Ripper–only he hasn't got a prayer."

"I admire your control. I'd be as curious as hell. Oh, he just leaned out. Looks like Henry."

"Henry?"

"Hey, Jerry, where you going?"

Jerry weaved his way through the tables to the other side of the restaurant, his stomach churning acid, and said, "Hello, Henry. Hello, Donna. How's that old, tired pussy of yours?"

Smiling, she gave him her best smirk and said, "Oh, just fine . . . once you get past the tiny bit that's been

used!"

Uid you hear that Richard Nixon, Gary Hart and Ted Kennedy are starting a law firm? It's called Trick' em, Dick 'em and Dunk 'em.

A man with a poodle went into a bar. After ordering a drink, he asked to buy some cigarettes, but was told that unfortunately, they had run out. So the man said, "That's all right, I'll just send my dog across the street to get some.'

He searched through his pockets for the money and discovered that the smallest bill he had was a \$20. He put it in the dog's mouth and told the dog, "Boy, run across the street and get me some cigarettes, and don't forget to bring back the change." Immediately the poodle ran out the front door.

A man sitting at the bar said to the dog's owner, "Say, that dog is really something! Is he really going to bring cigarettes back to you?"

"Sure," said the man. "He can do all sorts of stuff.

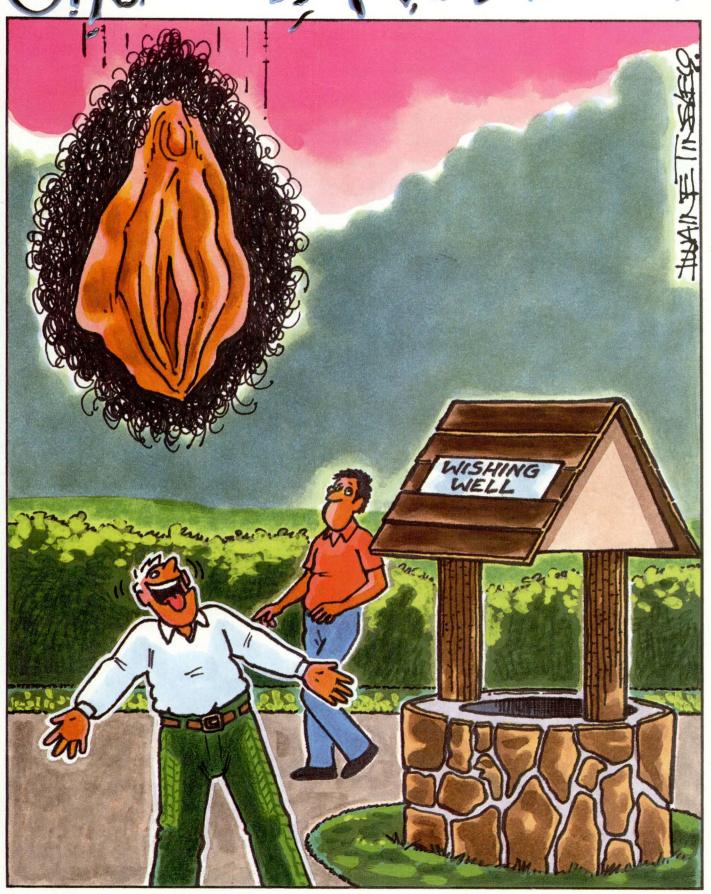
He's an amazing dog."

Just then they heard tires screeching. The man looked up with fear in his eyes and said, "Oh, no!" He ran out to the street and saw a car stopped in front of the bar. Running around to the front of the car, he saw that it did not hit his dog after all but managed to stop just in time. The reason, however, for the sudden stop was to avoid hitting his dog, who was humping another poodle right in the middle of the road. "Hey," said the man to his dog, "what's going on? You never did anything like this before!"

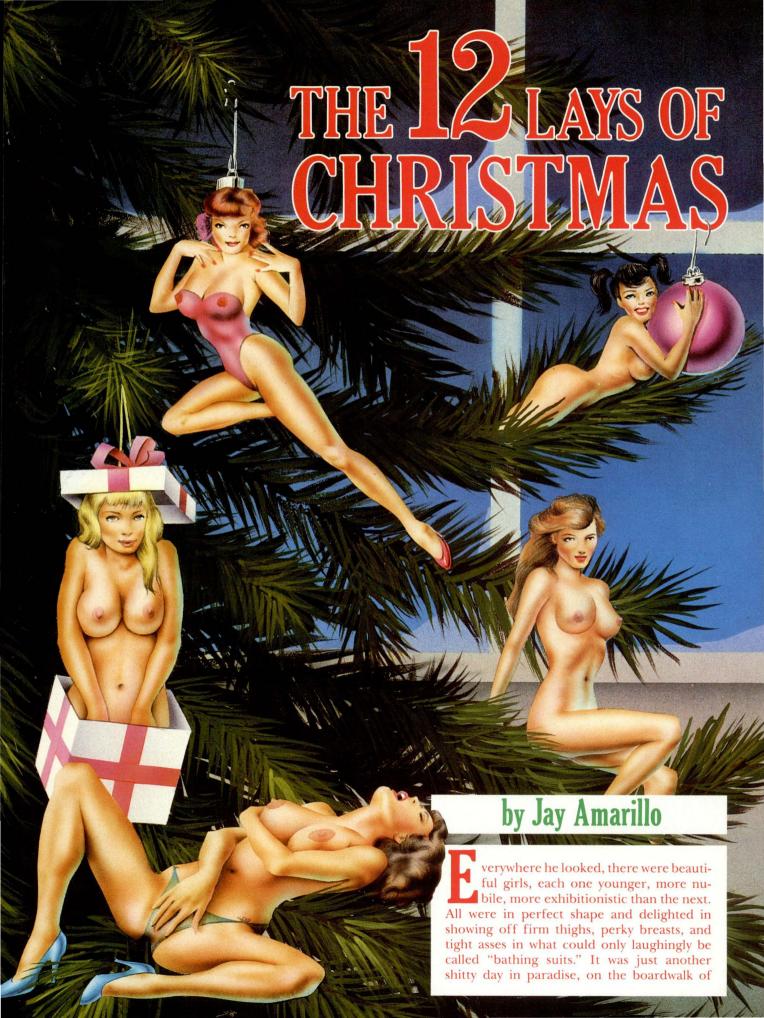
The dog looked up. "I never had \$20 before."

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Chester the Molester







## THE TWELVE LAYS OF CHRISTMAS

"If you'd get your nose out of the business section for a moment, maybe you'd get laid."

Manhattan Beach, California, December 12, 1987.

Mick Bennett was so engrossed in the passing parade of pulchritudinous female flesh that his mouth missed the top of the beer bottle and cold sudsy ale trickled down his chin. Barely noticing, he wiped the brew with a hairy forearm as he continued his appreciation of the teenaged twats and tits that were roller skating or just jiggling by his buddy's beachfront condo. Mick sighed and turned to Larry Davis, who was immersed in the newspaper's stock-market reports.

"How can you ignore all this fun flesh?" Mick chided. "If you'd get your nose out of the business section for a mo-

ment, maybe you'd get laid."

Larry grunted. "If I didn't keep up with the market, I wouldn't have made the money it took to buy this place you spend so much time at." Larry noticed a perky blonde with tits the size and color of grapefruits, who was bent over tying her roller-skate laces three feet from his face.

"Go for it," Mick goaded. "Maybe she likes fireplaces and lofts and all the com-

forts of this place you call home."

"Do I detect a note of jealousy?"

"Why keep complaining that you can't get laid if you never even try? If you'd spend half the effort of finding pussy that you do on making money . . ."

"I've tried, you know," Larry admitted

in little more than a whisper.

Mick pointed to the blonde. "Just try it, man," Mick said. "Girls love rich guys." Larry took another sip of champagne, dribbling a bit over his double chin and onto his large, exposed stomach. He felt a bit high, and correspondingly more self-assured than usual. "Really?" he pondered, resembling a cartoon wolf with knives and forks in its eyes.

"Hey, you," Larry slurred in the blonde's direction. "Wanna join me and my friend here for some champagne?"

The girl, certainly no more than 19, but hopefully at least legal age, winked at Mick and then turned her attention to Larry, giving him a slow once-over from balding head to knobby knees. "Fuck off, bird legs," she growled. She skated over to the white picket fence that separated the condo from the boardwalk, ran long

fingernails up Mick's bare leg and under his shorts, resting her fingers against the dripping tip of his cock. She gave it a squeeze that was rewarded with a sticky stream of precoital fluid in her hand. "I'll be back tonight at 10 to finish up," she purred, licking her fingers. Mick gulped and nearly choked.

"Hey, the hell with you, twat," Larry yelled. "I can buy a dozen whores better-looking than you any day of the week." He threw his champagne glass at the ground and stormed into his condo.

"So go fuck your money, asshole," the

girl laughed as she skated away.

Mick whistled softly at her retreating, rotating rear, then jumped up and joined his friend in the garishly-decorated living room of the condo he would never afford himself. Larry stood with his back to Mick and stared at the fireplace.

Mick started, "Larry, I'm real sorry."

Larry whirled to face his friend. Mick was startled to see tears running down Larry's face. But there was something else in that face—an expression of jealous hate that sent chills down Mick's spine.

"You knew that would happen," Larry accused. "You knew she'd put me down

and make a play for you."

"No, man, you've got it wrong. I was

just trying to help."

Larry ignored him. "Well, let's just see how hot you are." There was a strange grin on Larry's face.

"I want to propose a little wager. I'm going to bet you that you can't get laid 12 times by 12 different women in the next 12 days before Christmas."

"You can't be serious . . ."

"Dead serious." Larry picked up a set of keys that lay on a glass end table. "You fuck 12 women between now and Christmas morning, and I'll give you my Porsche."

"What? That's crazy . . ." Mick stopped short and considered the proposal. He probably *could* fuck 12 women in 12 days. Hell, on good days he had fucked two or three women in a 24-hour period. The women really *did* go for him. And, Mick thought, he'd get more women than ever if he drove them home in a Porsche.

"Wait a minute, Larry. What happens if I don't get laid 12 times by Christmas? You get my Pinto?"

That strange smile returned to his friend's face. "I want your bank book."

"My . . . shit, Larry, there's less than \$500 in it. I mean, it's all I have."

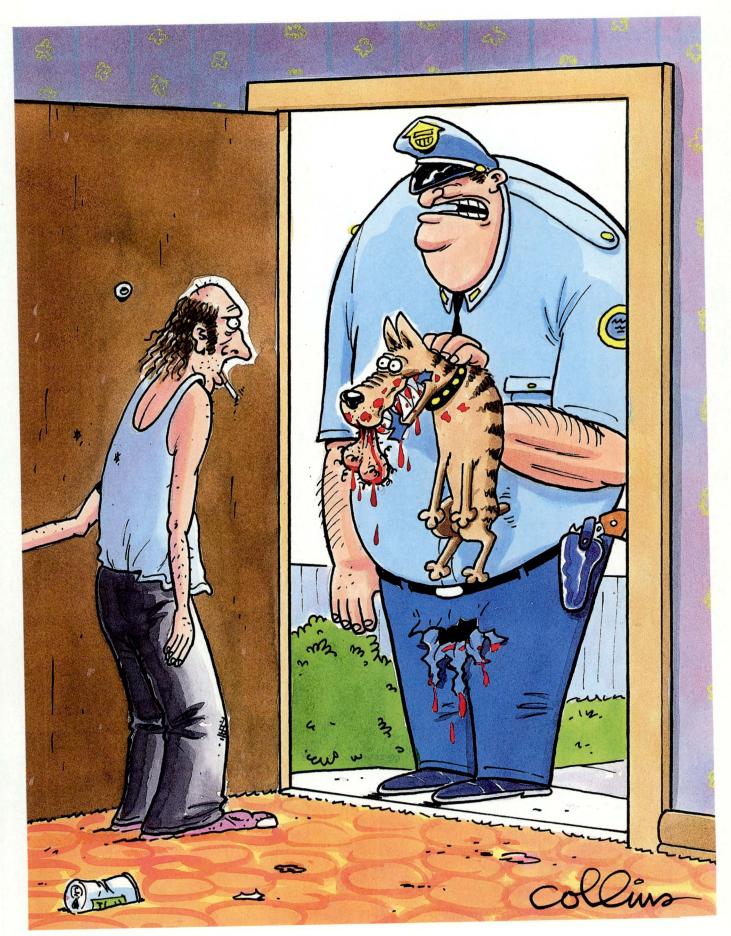
"Exactly. It's not the amount. It's the principle of the thing."

"Well, shit." Mick stalked the 20-foot length of the deeply carpeted room. He couldn't get that damned sports car out of his mind. Secretly, he'd coveted it since Larry bought it a month ago.

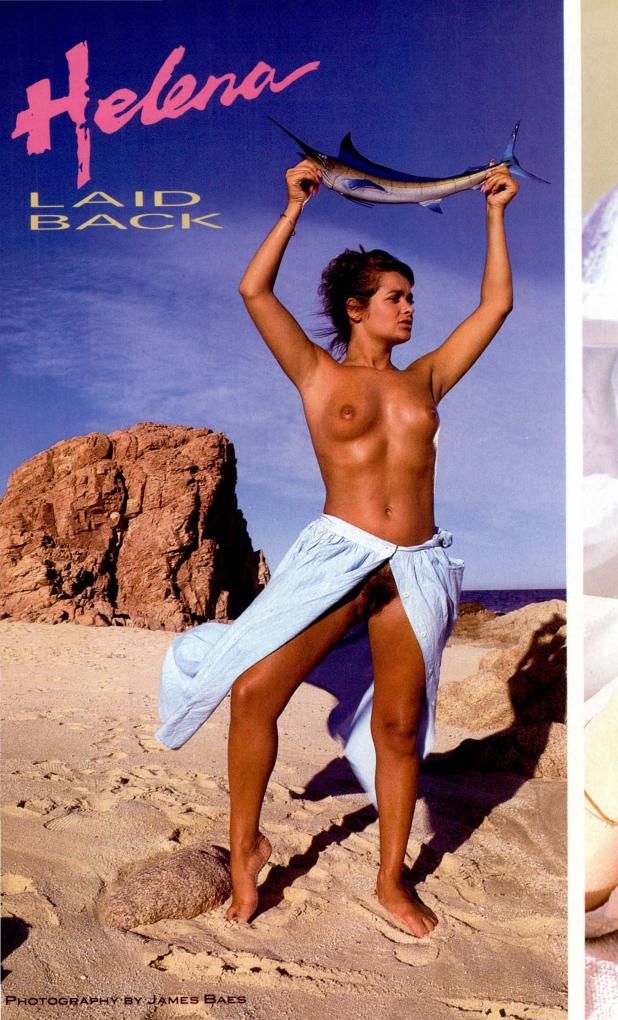
(continued on page 84)



"Look at that bumper sticker . . . must be a sex-crazed bisexual slut!"



"This your pit bull?"



















## THE 12 LAYS OF CHRISTMAS (continued from page 76)

"Hey, the hell with you, twat," Larry yelled. "I can buy a dozen whores better-looking than you any day."

"You sure you want to do this?"

Larry nodded. "I'll give you the keys to my condo. To verify that you get laid 12 times in 12 days, you have to bring the girls back here so I can watch."

Mick sneered. So this was all about voyeurism. Poor horny Larry would be getting his rocks off watching his best friend fuck the local talent. He shook his head. "You're a sick puppy, Lar. But what the hey, I don't mind. Might even be a kick, knowing I have an audience!"

"I'm sure you'll rise to the occasion," Larry said sarcastically. The two shook hands, and Mick took his leave.

"This is gonna be easy," Mick thought as he knocked on his neighbor's door. He'd thought of Stacy right away, because he'd been sharing casual sex with this aerobics instructor for months now.

"Stacy!" he yelled. "You in there?" The door opened a moment later, and Mick was greeted by a 6-foot-tall, slender blonde dressed in a skin-tight leotard.

"Hi," she bubbled. "Just started my workout. I use one of those videotapes. Want to join me?" She looked him over, eyes halting lovingly at his crotch. "You

look like you could use the exercise."

Mick felt his dick rising to the occasion. "Uh, yeah, but how about bringing your tape over to my pal's house?"

Mick knocked three times on Larry's door before opening it, as they'd prearranged, to warn him to hide.

"If he's not here," Stacy asked, "why

are you knocking?"

"Uh. Force of habit, I guess." Mick led her into his friend's place, locked the door behind them, and led her to the living room where he popped the videotape into the player and turned on the TV.

"Ready?" Mick asked, glancing around the room to see if he could spot Larry.

"Just a minute," Stacy said, as she scrambled out of her leotard. "Let me get more comfortable." In a second she was standing in the middle of the room, her tightly-muscled body an absolute temple of the perfect female form. Mick whistled and doffed his clothing.

"Now I'm ready," Stacy grinned at him. Mick tried to grab her, but she pushed him away. "Let's work up a sweat first!"

Mick groaned, but acquiesced. He did love it when they were both sweaty and

"Now pay attention," she said, as she duplicated the position being shown on the television screen. Stacy sunk to the carpet in a leg-split that gave Mick a bone-stiffening view of her pussy lips. Next, she stretched both arms to touch one set of perfectly painted toes, then crossed those arms to the other set of toes. Mick was lost in the sight of Stacy's nipples touching her thighs as she touched her toes.

fucking, their bodies' moisture acting as a

natural lubricant.

Next, Stacy was lying on her back, her legs straight in the air, opening and closing, forcing her sweet pussy lips to pull apart and come together in an erotic rhythm that was driving Mick crazy. Stacy rolled backward until only her head and shoulders were on the carpet, the rest of her body being supported by her arms as she lifted her torso and legs skyward. Once again she jackknifed her marvelously curvaceous legs. "Come over here," she commanded, and Mick obeyed.

"See anything you like?" she asked teasingly as she offered her dripping pussy to him. Mick's tongue appeared as he got down on his hands and knees and buried his face into her juicy cunt lips. Sure enough, she tasted salty both inside and out, and the effect was a natural aphrodisiac to Mick. He used his tongue to prod inches inside her pretty pink pussy.

Mick stood up and grabbed his dick with one hand, guiding it between those sugar walls and deep inside, where invisible muscles clenched and loosened against his thick rod and massaged it until Mick was microseconds away from exploding. He quickly pulled out and Stacy switched positions. Now she was on her elbows and knees, facing away from him, stretching her arms, at the same time offering up the tantalizing target of her asshole.

With a wide grin, Mick maneuvered his dick into place and slowly slid it into her oh-so-tight ass, an inch at a time. She groaned in ecstasy. This time, Mick couldn't stop nature from taking its course, and he just barely managed to withdraw his cock from her ass before spraying her backside and her back with cum. Mick dropped to his back and lay on the plush carpeting.

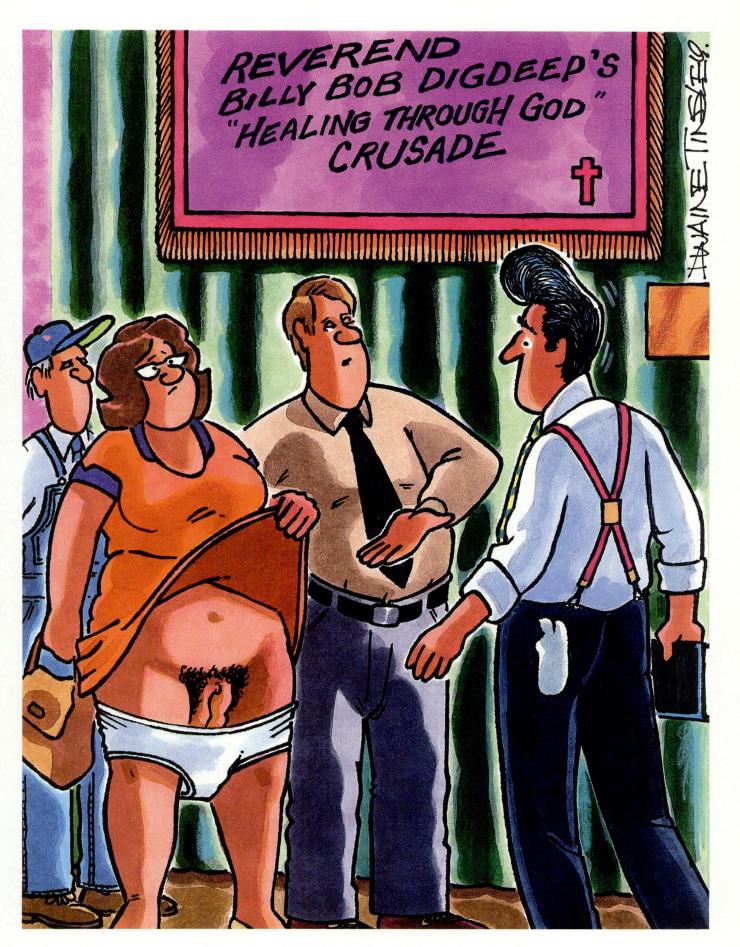
Just minutes after Stacy left, Mick was headed for the shower when there was a knock at the door. Larry walked toward the door, but Mick grabbed his arm, saying, "It's 10:00. I'm expecting company, remember? The roller skater?

"Oh," Larry snarled, as he scurried back to his hiding place.

Sure enough, Mick opened the door to see the perky California beach bunny, still wearing her roller skates. She had a Walkman headset plugged into her ears,



"Warning: One more low blow and I'm taking off points!"



"Can you and God tighten this thing a smidgen, Rev?"

## THE 12 LAYS OF CHRISTMAS

"Looks like we have some work to do here," she yelled, lowering herself to her knees and disrobing him.

and Mick could hear a Madonna tune torturing her eardrums. "Busy?" she shouted, unaware of her volume. Mick grinned, thinking, "Whatever turns her on," and brought her inside.

She immediately grabbed under his bath towel at his flaccid penis, clucking her tongue. "Looks like we have some work to do here," she yelled, lowering herself to her knees and disrobing him.

"Uh ... wouldn't you like to ... you know ... talk for a while or have some tea or something first?"

She gave him a look of disgust that said "don't be ridiculous" and set about her task. Because he had just come, his dick was still small enough for the beach bunny to place entirely in her mouth. Mick propped himself against the hallway wall and closed his eyes. He could feel her tongue touching his cock here and there, probing like an intricate machine. She slid her tongue up and down his cock head, licking the last vestiges of cum from its tip. Her teeth took delicate nibbles of his cock, reviving it to its full size.

With a proud smile at her workmanship, she began cocksucking in earnest, her head moving up and down in time with the rhythm of the music in her ears.

Mick opened one eye to see Larry waving to him from behind the girl. "What now?" he mouthed.

"The girl can't hear us," Larry shouted from down the hall. "And anyway, blowjobs don't count! You have to get laid!"

Mick lifted a speaker from one ear and heard Bruce Springsteen. "Let's fuck," he suggested hoarsely.

"What an animal!" The beach bunny squealed in glee as she mounted him without further ado. Mick wasn't surprised to find that under the leather skirt she was wearing no underwear. He slid into her wet pussy like a knife into butter and she began riding him.

Too beat to do anything but the basics, Mick let her have her way with him, and she didn't seem to mind his relative lack of enthusiasm as she pumped up and down on him, harder and faster, until she screamed in perfect pitch with the Robert Plant oldie in her ears.

Without pausing to catch her breath, she stood up, shook Mick's shaking hand, and let herself out. Exhausted, Mick

stumbled into the living room and fell onto the couch to sleep.

Mick met his third sexual conquest the next day on the job at the gas station. He knew the rich bitch in the sporty Mercedes was going to be easy, the second he bent down to her eye-level to take her credit card and saw that her lovely legs were spread and showing the tops of dark garters. To his surprise, she reached under one of the garters, retrieved the gas card and handed it to Mick, smiling.

"Still warm," he said approvingly.
"I hate purses," she explained. "So I carry everything I need in my stocking tops. See?" She hiked up the other side of her skirt to reveal (among other things) a wad of money stuck under a garter.

"I'm impressed," Mick said.

"So am I," she purred. He boned her at Larry's place that night.

Number four started with a knock on Larry's front door, answered by Mick while Larry ran to his usual hiding place. At the door was a luscious brunette wearing a girl scout outfit.

"Aren't you a little old to be selling cookies?" Mick asked, all the while leer-

ing at her curves.

Fluttering her long eyelashes, the teenager responded "I'm 18½, got the proof right here," she offered, showing him a driver's license. "Actually I'm selling these for my kid sister who's got the flu. She's trying to win a trip to Hawaii by selling the most cookies by Christmas. I really want her to win the contest, sir. Would you help?"

Mick grinned. "It so happens I'm trying to win a contest myself. What would you say if I offered to buy every bag of cookies you have in that box?"

"Gee, I couldn't thank you enough!"

"Oh, I'm sure you could!"

Numbers five and six were a pair of sisters who were hitching cross-country together. They celebrated their arrival in California with Mick's able assistance. Number seven came a day later, as Mick washed his clothes at a beach laundromat. Numero ocho came soon after.

"Six days, eight lays. I'm impressed," admitted Larry.

Mick shrugged his shoulders. "Listen, if you want out, that's okay with me. I mean, this is too easy, and I know that Porsche set you back \$40,000."

Larry shook his head. "A deal's a deal. Besides, you have six days and four lays to go. You never know what might not happen between now and Christmas."

For a while it seemed like Larry might be right. As hard as he tried, Mick could not find a woman to bring home to Larry's condo for the next four days. He tried all the neighborhood hangouts. He got several offers, of course, but no one (continued on page 96)



86



"I liked it better when he actually flashed us . . . ."

























## THE 12 LAYS OF CHRISTMAS (continued from page 86)

At 11:59, Larry heard a loud, "Ho, ho, ho," from his bedroom. This time, the sound was distinctly male.

wanted to go to his home.

Starting to fear that he would lose his life's savings, and much worse, his reputation as a consummate ladies' man, Mick was lost in thought, when his shopping cart struck another cart. Looking up in surprise, Mick was rewarded with the sight of a face he'd seen every week on his favorite TV game show.

"You're not . . ."

She flashed her million-dollar smile.

"Hey, I'm awfully sorry about the cart and all," he stuttered, actually tonguetied at this star's beauty.

She laughed. "You're kind of cute," she said. "Wanna buy a girl a drink?"

"Bingo!" Mick thought. Fortune was with him that night.

Numbers ten and 11 were less stellar but just as easy. A casual meeting at the post office netted Mick an all-nighter with a pretty postal clerk. Number 11 was another gas station customer, who requested a personal lube job and demanded that Mick spread motor oil on her.

On December 24th, Mick had only fucked 11 women. By 8 p.m. he was cruising the strip clubs, looking for off-duty

workers, and by 9, he was haunting Hollywood, hoping to pay someone. No luck. Everyone, it seemed, was off the streets, in their homes, enjoying Christmas eve with their loved ones.

Mick drove back to Larry's condo. His friend was genuinely surprised to see Mick enter alone.

"Hey, you only have two hours, you know, before Christmas."

"I know, I know. Look, I admit it: It ain't gonna happen. I got too cocky."

"So to speak," Larry laughed. He wore a triumphant grin as he regarded his friend's downcast face. "So I guess my best friend isn't the ultimate ladies' man after all. Well, don't let it ruin your precarious ego. Let's bring in the holiday together. I've got some eggnog."

"Screw your eggnog," Mick muttered.

"Where's the scotch?"

At 11:37 p.m., while the two were imbibing their fifth Scotch and watching Miracle on 34th Street on TV, Larry suddenly turned down the sound.

"Whassamatter?" asked a bleary-eyed Mick. "You want my checkbook now? Ain't 12 yet."

"Shhh! I'm sure I hear a noise." Larry rose on unsteady feet and began stalking the living room like a wild-game hunter.

The scraping noise got louder and louder. Seconds later, a large, dark form emerged from the fireplace.

"Jesus!" Larry gasped.

"Not quite. Try again," responded the familar red and white shape.

Now Mick was on his shaky feet as well, mouth agape as he stared at a distinctly thin Santa Claus.

"Aren't you a bit underweight?" Mick asked.

"Ho, ho, ho?" Santa laughed.

"And isn't your voice a bit high?" asked a dumbfounded Larry.

Santa looked around the room. "Any kids here?"

"Just us," slurred Mick.
"Great," Santa responded as she doffed her fake beard.

"You're gorgeous," Mick sputtered.

"Thank you," she purred. "I suppose an explanation's in order. Y'see, Dad's laid up with a bad back. So I volunteered

to pinch-hit this year.

'Now let's see what I have in my bag for you," she said, dipping into a sack she'd set on the floor. "Ah. For you, Larry," she smiled as she handed him a gift-wrapped box. "And for you . . ." she looked into her sack. After a moment, her expression changed to one of frustration. "I can't seem to find any gift with your name on it. But Dad . . . Santa never makes mistakes."

Mick smiled and looked at the clock. It was 11:52. He sauntered up to Santa's daughter, put an arm around her waist, and whispered into her ear.

"Well, if it's what you really want. And seeing as we seem to have forgotten your gift." She shrugged and pulled off her tunic, stepped out of her giant snow boots and her spandex tights, and stood naked, demurely before them.

The two disappeared into the back room while Larry, still in a state of shock, opened his gift: an inflatable love doll, complete with three fuckable orifices.

At 11:59, Larry heard a loud, "Ho, ho, ho," from his bedroom. This time, the sound was distinctly male. In another minute, Mick and Santa's daughter reemerged and quickly dressed.

"I'm running kind of late," she noted.

Mick chimed in. "Let me give you a lift to your next couple of stops," he beamed, holding out his hand toward Larry. "The car keys, if you please."

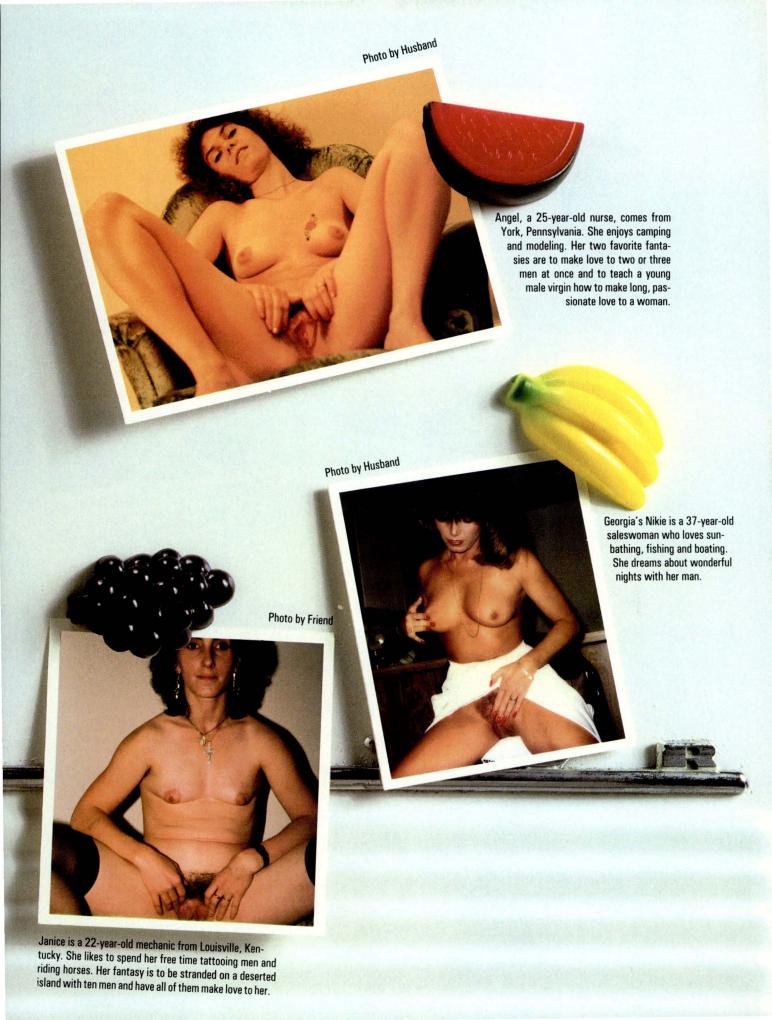
Shaking his head in disbelief, Larry handed over the keys. Santa's daughter leaned over and gave Larry a peck on the cheek and took Mick's arm. As the door to the garage closed behind them, she called back to Larry:

"Merry Christmas!"





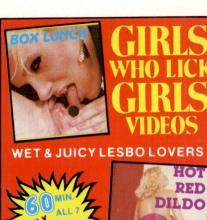








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### THE LAST LOVE (continued from page 46)

# Her emotional state was fragile during the last weeks of her relationship with Jake.

feet to the bed. Things didn't clear in my head for several days."

They never cleared up in Colleen's head. Her emotional state was fragile during the last weeks of her relationship with Jake. His involuntary abandonment made things worse. Colleen's deeply personal problems and intense need for cocaine may have stemmed from an early, deep-seated insecurity.

"She wanted to be liked so bad," recalls her former manager Bobby Hollander. "She used to push it on people. Sometimes in a crowded room, she'd pull out pictures of her brother or her dog or letters from the family. They had nothing to do with the conversation that was going on, but she had to get into it somehow."

Obviously, Colleen was a sensitive, insecure girl. And the environment she chose when she left Minnesota for sin city—the possessive, manipulative world of nude modeling and adult films—was not for her at all. Her relationship with Jake was another no-win situation. Jake's intimate involvement with cocaine preempted anything sincere and solid from growing between them, no matter how

deeply the two felt for each other.

In September 1986 Jake was paroled. He swears he's cleaned up, doesn't touch drugs and now prefers spending his days lounging around the pool and reading. In the past year he and Bobby Hollander have become close friends. Hollander, who also stopped doing drugs and "feels better than he ever has in his life," visits Jake on weekends. Their main passion these days is bingo. Jake claims he hasn't slept with anyone since Colleen. The lonely nights allow for reflection.

"I feel terribly guilty," he admits. "Should I have done that? I know I have to take some responsibility for what happened to Colleen. But I kind of knew from day one it wasn't going to be an everlasting affair. It was only meant for a weekend."

Jake closes the photo album and places it back on the bookcase. He doesn't think he'll open it again for a long, long time.

An editor for HUSTLER since April 1982, Lonn Friend has recently departed us to take on the editorial reins of RIP Magazine, a rock 'n' roll monthly. We wish him the best.



"You weren't lying. Your mom does keep your dad's dick in a drawer!"

#### A FOOTNOTE



Media and public fascination with Colleen Applegate's story is astounding. Aside from a PBS Frontline program, CBS TV produced the \$2.5 million Mourning Song, a tragic Hollywood pulp-style tale based on Colleen's life. Speaking of pulp, the Shauna Grant/Colleen Applegate scenario exists in novel form. Steve Shagan, who penned the novel and award-winning screenplay Save the Tiger, as well as the best-selling novels, The Formula and The Circle, apparently found inspiration in Colleen's plight.

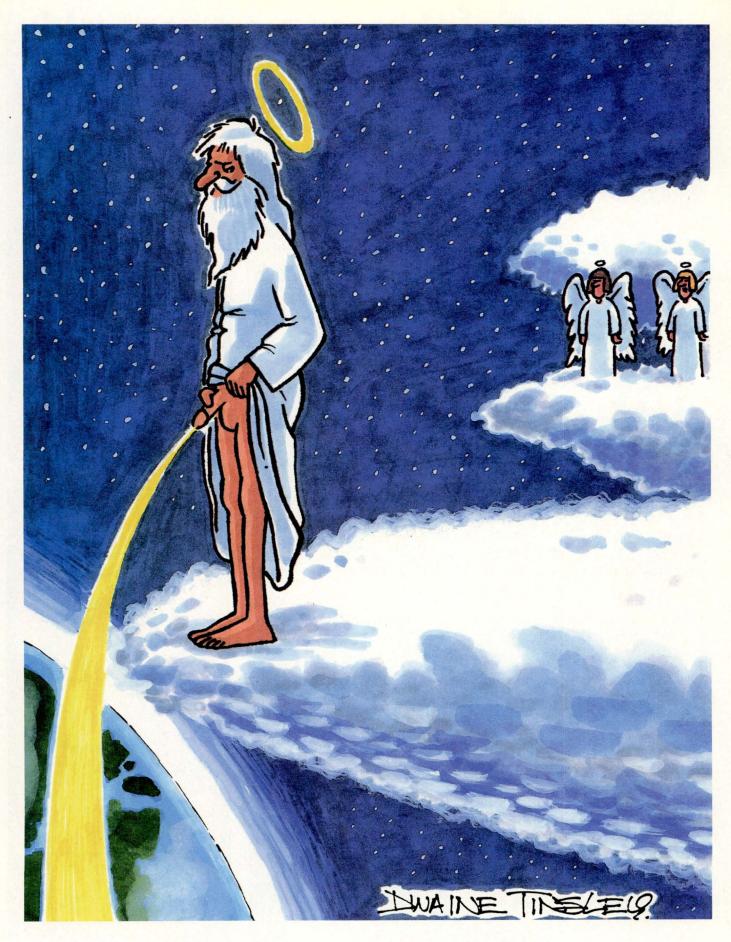
Shagan's 1986 novel, Vendetta, tells the sordid tale of a coked-out porn star named Candy Lane and her connection with the Mob and Colombian drug smugglers. Lane commits suicide (at first, it's thought she was murdered, but not so), and among the personal effects discovered with her body is a diary. On a sheet of pink stationery pressed between the covers of her diary is a poem she wrote. As published in Vendetta the poem reads:

She smiled on cue-a celluloid Fantasy, lost in the lights Seeking a dream that Would never come true.

The above poem resembles a verse by Colleen Applegate scribbled in a notebook found in her purse after her death. This verse was published in the May 6, 1984, Los Angeles Times article by Michael London. It reads:

"Her given name shortened, she answered to Lena. But living a dream—that'll never come true . . . Lena turned to Shauna. She smiled on cue—merely a fantasy—a celluloid lover, she lived and she learned to become yet another."

Jake claims author Shagan "lived across the street" from his Palm Springs home during the time Colleen resided there. No doubt, this excellent writer knew a good story when he saw it—as have others.



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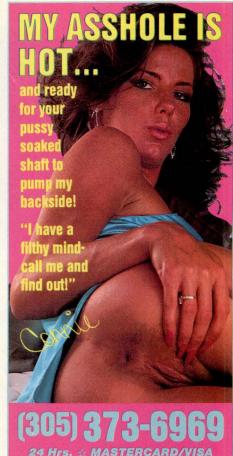
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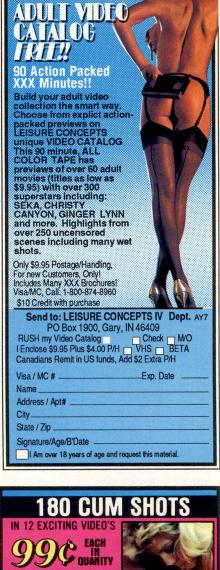
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# He came all the way around the block again to yell, "You, dyke, cunt, bitch, I ought to punch your teeth out."

thought of a single flower in the floral pattern of an Oriental rug. The steady sun of a late September Indian summer expanded her in the same way it allowed the celery to grow. But a mellow fullness to the heat let her know it was fall and not spring. As she walked, images from magazine racks snapped behind the Blonde's eyes like single frames in a role of film. A light-haired woman, in a currently fashionable athletic T-shirt and jockey bikinis, smiling from the cover of a magazine, was pulling her shirt up to reveal her breasts. The cover line read, "Let's do it again."

Biker magazines displayed covers jammed with clothed men and naked women who straddled the brightly polished metal machinery. One photograph of a nubile young girl peering at herself in the mirror while playing dressup was taken from behind, so that it revealed the slight curve of her tender, young left breast. The subtle suggestion seduced the Blonde and allowed her imagination to do the rest.

The Blonde began to frequent shops that had racks of pornographic magazines. She was always the only woman. Sometimes men who wanted to approach the racks were made nervous by her presence. They put their hands in their pockets and shuffled in place behind her. Sometimes this made her laugh, and she wanted to turn around and parody the women in the magazines holding their pussies apart, panting and quivering in anticipation of a cock. She read the erotic stories in the magazines, supposedly written by women and was sure they were written by men. The same reduction to parts that characterized the photos characterized the writing. Pulsating wet pussy and throbbing purple cock were the images. She went home and ran the tip of only one finger over the entire surface of her naked body nothing more.

The Blonde felt in the grip of something dark and amorphous. A small green pickup truck driving through the city with a huge cardboard carton of pumpkins reminded her that fall was becoming winter. Something in her wanted to rot, wanted to become dark and moist and lose form. The part of the Blonde that believed it knew what was happening to her

began to lose control. She began to feel one with the earth, with the element that spawned bugs and worms, that produced form and destroyed it. Dark strong arms opened to her, the pull they exerted made her daily life and her life with Will seem an insignificant secondary drama. She let go to the force of death.

When the Blonde finally picked up the thread of her writing, it was summer 1985. Something had died in her during the winter. It was her mind that thought about things. Especially things in the past and things in the future. She felt as if her mind had slipped from her head to her belly and was now located in the same area of her uterus. Man had always demeaned women's intellectual ability by accusing her of thinking with her womb. Man did not understand the power of this brain. She loved her uterus. It had long ago taught her how to tell time by the ever repeating rhythm of its cycle. When the blood flowed from her uterus in a crimson torrent, she knew it was time to feel the joy of rebirth. When her uterus told her it was time to whisper cock, hard, erect, pussy, soft, juicy in Will's ear she knew the organ was desiring to fill itself with the perpetuation of the species. Life had once allowed her to see a uterus in a surgical procedure, a wonderful pear-shaped thing, smooth and muscular. Ever since then she had known the heart of woman to be something tough but able to expand itself to embrace another human being. Her attempts to write erotica rather than pornography had come to a halt because she just could not put her feelings into words. She decided to make a collage, which might help her say in images that which she couldn't seem to state any other way. Intuitively, she knew the collage would have many more pictures of animals and plants and flowers with their centers open to the sun than it would isolated body parts.

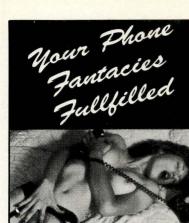
On her way home, she was almost run down by a punk on a motorcycle. His selfabsorption was so great that he never even saw her in the crosswalk. When she responded with profanity rather than passivity, he came all the way around the block again to yell, "You, dyke, cunt, bitch, I ought to punch your teeth out." She knew the words were provoked by the baseball hat she wore, for it made her sexuality ambiguous. One of the things that kept women locked into images that pandered to male sexuality was fear. She decided to get her hair cut very, very short. She knew the punk's violence was fueled by his own self-hatred because he was overweight and unattractive, and she felt sorry for him but not sorry enough to sacrifice herself to his need. A dark goddess rose in her and scrawled in the air.



(continued on page 112)



"Sorry my period started, Randy. I'll return your sock tomorrow."



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She stroked his cock which she loved because it had given her so much pleasure.

"No parts of pussy."

She thought about the collage. To satisfy her first intuition, it would have to be put on a round background. At first she thought of a two-dimensional round background, then she realized the ultimate would be a globe. In the basement, she could find no wire to construct a globe for her collage. She practiced yoga instead, finding herself fascinated by it as an equal and opposite to weight lifting. If weight lifting was force, yoga was no force. Strange to think of power as no force.

The following day she roamed the streets, looking for materials to construct the collage. Without planning to, she passed the place where she had seen the planterbox full of celery. It had almost been the full cycle of a year since she had passed that way. The celery was no longer strong, bright yellow-green stalks with leaves just beginning to unfurl. The gardener had let it go to seed, and it was tall and rangy with spidery branches. The branches had delicate clusters of seeds in colors from light-green to some that were dark brown and fully dried. She took

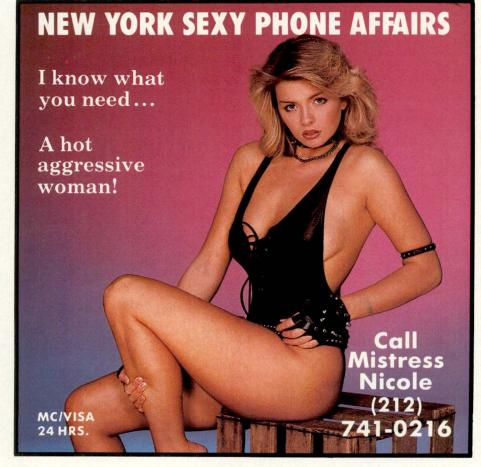
some of the seeds and rolled them in the palm of her hand with a fingertip. The aroma was pungent and caused her nostrils to flair. The vision of sexuality that was beginning to move in her was making her feel separate and alienated from her culture. Because her alienation drove her to express her vision, she decided to start the collage in two-dimensional form. The collage as globe would have to wait until she could find the right materials. She went to the basement and dragged up two big pieces of cardboard she had seen there. Using the garbage can lid, she traced two, large round circles and cut them out with her knife. She made herself a cup of tea and sat down with it, the cardboard rounds, some scissors and the Playgirl magazine in a pool of late afternoon sunshine. In the basement she had found a stack of old National Geographics.

When Will came home, he found her surrounded with pictures that she had cut out of animals and flowers and plants and stars and moon and planets and naked women and men with soft cocks and hard cocks. She had lost all track of

tim

Will had stopped short at the door and smiled to see the Blonde surrounded by her project. She looked up, and he was about to greet her when his eyes began to focus, and he noticed how many of the pictures surrounding her were of cocks. Black penises, white penises, brown penises, hard ones, soft ones, big ones. Their eyes met. He said, "Hello," stiffly and walked away into the kitchen. The Blonde had no sooner looked up to respond to Will's greeting than he was gone. But not before her senses, that were so finely attuned to him, apprehended his feelings and what he was responding to. He was angry. Sitting back in surprise, she took a moment and thought. Will had reacted the same way a man standing at a rack of porn magazines did as she maneuvered her way past them to a front-row position. He was threatened!

Doors slammed shut in the kitchen. The Blonde unfurled herself from the floor and walked barefoot towards the sounds. Will was in his work clothes, sitting at the kitchen table with a beer in his hand and a glum look in his dark eyes. He trusted her enough not to be totally defensive; so he allowed her to push both him and the chair he was sitting on into a position that allowed her to straddle him face to face. Rubbing her cheek against his face, she opened his shirt to allow her hand to run across the muscles of his chest and through the dark curling hair. She slipped her fingers under his armpits and played with the hair there. Then moved her hand back to his chest and followed the line of hair to his penis, that despite his anger and confusion was growing stiff. She stroked his cock which she loved because it had given her so much pleasure. She seduced the softness of his mouth with kisses. After they made love, she explained to him that she was a woman, who had always loved sex. Making her collage was not motivated by any need to get even with men for their pornographic objectification of woman. It was to create a mirror in which she could peer to look and see how her female self saw sexuality. Will listened, stopped feeling threatened and drifted off easily into what she teasingly called his male nap. Lying wide awake, she used the energy his seed had given her to envision an erotic magazine in which an erect penis and an open vagina faded into images of a tall standing cactus and a beach littered with seashells. She saw bulls ready to rut with enormous erect penises. Vaginas beginning to open, like sunflowers at noon, as they raised their heads to the sun directly above, offered themselves to receive the energy that they would convert to petal and seeds. She, too, was soon asleep.



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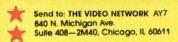
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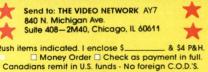
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(continued from page 26)

and their lovemaking to end in complete frustration and depression. During these sessions they may consume ten grams of cocaine along with alcohol, marijuana and Valium to decrease the anxiety of cocaine cessation. They have begun to smoke cocaine more often, and now utilize vibrators, sexual devices and pornographic movies to enhance their sexual excitement. The last few times they had coke with sex, the fun didn't last long.

After ingesting a couple of grams, they became very solitary, preferring autoerotic activities to sex with each other. Mesmerized by the intense high produced by the cocaine, they would sit in front of mirrors for hours watching themselves putting the drug in Jackie's vagina and on Andrew's penis. They would videotape the application of the drug in their lover's asshole with a small glass spoon. Jackie would soon get so high that she would behave as if in an autoerotic frenzy. After placing cocaine all over her tongue, she would suck and lick Andrew's dick and scrotum for hours. The results were always the same: frustration and depression. Even though Andrew couldn't achieve an erection, he begged for more schwanz-swabbing and wouldn't let Jackie stop. Andrew had gotten so out of control that one night—while high on coke—he continued to force the drug into Jackie's rearend and vainly attempted anal intercourse.

Franco, a musician living in a large American city, would visit the "crack house" every other day for cocaine and sex. He would spend from \$300 to \$500 per visit to smoke the prepared drug and live out his sexual and erotic fantasies. The "crack house" would provide women who would pose erotically and have oral sex and intercourse with anyone who would give them another hit on the crack pipe. Franco would smoke the cocaine and become immediately consumed with erotic thoughts and sexual fantasies. He would sit and masturbate for hours finding not relief, but frustration.

Jackie, Andrew and Franco are good examples of cocaine users that have lost control over the drug, as well as their sexual behaviors. The sex practices of these three individuals have become more bizarre and self-destructive as they progress to the third stage of abuse.

The User Binge Abuser

Obsessive and compulsive drug use is the fourth stage of abuse. Serious psychological problems become more apparent: Interpersonal relationships, employment and normal social patterns are disrupted, and life-threatening behavior-isolated cocaine abuse-becomes characteristic. Due to the seriousness of abuse, the quality of life of this abuser has all but disappeared, and for many people in this stage, hospitalization, resuscitation, life support and therapeutic intervention is indicated.

Sexually, this type of cocaine abuser has little interest in a relationship that does not include cocaine. Most positive social relationships have been destroyed, and solitary sex with cocaine as the partner is common. Many abusers abandon sex completely, and although there may be a frustrating desire to have sex while high on coke, men find that they cannot achieve an erection; women experience irritation and dryness. Sex becomes both frustrating and unpleasant.

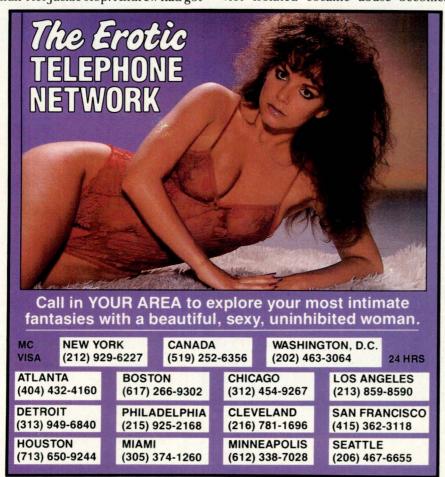
Ellen, an unemployed artist, liked cocaine from the first time she tried it. Due to the expense of the drug, she discovered another way to supply her growing appetite. She could get all the coke she wanted by just having sex with someone.

Ellen is a typical example of the "coke whore." Many men and women will trade sex for cocaine as well as provide other services such as cleaning houses, doing odd jobs and even selling the drug. An extreme change in values takes place, with negative characteristics lasting long after the person stops taking the drug. Social activities are planned with the preoccupation of obtaining the drug, and if the payment is in cocaine, the "coke whore" will play the role. Ellen has recently met a cocaine dealer who provides her with as much coke as she wants. Unfortunately, one night she took so much that she doesn't remember the convulsions and seizures she had when she awoke in the hospital the next day. The progression of cocaine use to abuse may take a long time for some and only a few short weeks for others. The person that practices sex with cocaine also progresses through recognizable stages, realizing that these behaviors can become emotional, psychological and physical health risks to themselves and others.

Alan Meyers, a nationally recognized cocaine therapist and author is currently President and founder of the National Addiction Research Foundation in Tucson, Arizona.

Alan has extensive international experience in cocaine research, including one year in Peru, South America, studying the personality structure of the compulsive cocaine user. He is author of COCAINE: The User's Guide to Self Help Treatment, a regimen aiding abusers to live cocaine-free lives.

Alan has appeared on such television programs as A.M. San Francisco, Hour Magazine with Gary Collins, The Oprah Winfrey Show and Lifestyles with Regis Philbin to discuss his innovative and successful cocaine treatment program.



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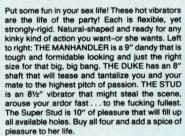
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## HOT LETTERS (continued from page 9)

Ron was using his tongue like a little dick, spearing in and out of my honeypot.

unison and fell forward in a twisted heap of flesh and secretions.

After he was gone, my lady and I sat back in our room's hot tub, basking in the afterglow of a lovemaking session. Tovah then looked at me and said, "What possibly could you give me next year?" I could only smile.

–J. S.

Butte, Montana

have some fun with them-but I was going to make those horny guys earn it.

When the business slacked after about 2 p.m., I looked back at Ron, who was scraping the grease off the grill. "Yo, Ron," I quipped, mocking the way he speaks. "You wanna have some fun?"

Ron said, "Absolutely." I then told him that he was going to have his big chance, but that he'd have to work for it.

"Get down on your knees and lick my pussy," I commanded, while unbuttoning my khaki work trousers. With my hand on the back of Ron's head, I motioned him between my legs.

"Eat me, cook," I ordered. Ron's tongue did a frantic dance at the entrance to my muff, darting in and out of my quim. In order to get inside my slot, Ron had to place me up on the counter top. We were getting so carried away that I forgot to close the awning, which allows customers to look into the kitchen. "Stop, Ron. Let's go into the storage room." While I pulled down the awning, Jeff reemerged from the men's room.

"Jeff," I began, "I already explained to Ron that he would have to satisfy me be-

#### **DOUBLE SERVING**

My name is Cybill. I'm a 26-year-old blonde with a pair of size 38B breasts. I live with my boyfriend Danny who keeps me happy-most of the time-with his 9½" cock. I say most of the time because I had my first sexual experience away from Danny last week. It was fanfucking-tastic.

Currently I'm employed at my uncle Vinnie's hamburger joint. Because of my shapely frame, the chefs are constantly flirting with me. Not a day goes by that Jeff and Ron don't ask for a blowjob or a chef-sandwich. So, one day when my uncle didn't come to work, I decided to

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fore I let you guys take me on." Getting on all fours, I told Ron to continue what he had started at my snatch. "Get under me Ron and eat my pussy. You better make me come, or the deal's off." Taking my ass cheeks in both hands, then spreading them as wide as possible, I ordered the other chef to dine at my asshole. "This is for you, Jeff. Lick my ass right, and it's yours, however you want it. But it better be good."

With the two of them double teaming my privates, it wasn't long before my lower body was shaking in a violent, spasmic orgasm. Ron was using his tongue like a little dick, spearing in and out of my honeypot, taking in as much muff juice as he could. I ground my hips into him, which pulled my globes away from Jeff but he followed my fanny.

Relentlessly, Jeff dabbed my wrinkled pinkeye. With his tongue the younger chef drew a line of saliva from my crack all the way to my asshole. My boyfriend had never kissed my crack or licked my anus; so this was quite an anal initiation. When Jeff's tongue tired at my tuchas, he replaced it with his index finger, plunging it forward, swirling it around, then putting in another. With stars and bright lights flashing in my closed eyelids, I had an explosive orgasm.

I then allowed Ron—who was pulling some loose pubes out of his mustache—out from under me and told them to take out their cocks. I let Jeff take off my black-lace bra as Ron sat back on a cot with his handsome tool sticking straight up in the air. I then got up to tease the seated Ron and draw Jeff to me with licks of my lips. Backtreading in a seductive, slow way, I moved toward Ron's rod. Shaking my ass in his face, I lowered myself onto his pole with one fluid motion. Jeff then moved toward me, manhood in hand, presenting his prick to me so I could suck it. Then . . . .

"What's going on in there," Henry the faggot asked, knocking on the door.

"Nothing Henry," I answered. "I dropped something on my foot. I'll be fine." We all quickly put our clothes back on, and one by one, made our way back to the kitchen. The experience was so thrilling, yet so short lived that the three of us decided to get together later.

Now it's hard to work with these guys, for I'm constantly thinking about how hot it was to be totally filled with hard dicks. But I'm sure we won't have any trouble finding something to do again in the kitchen once business slows down.

-C. I. Orlando, Florida

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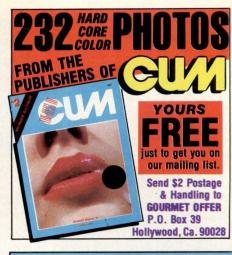
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Extends you 2 inches, stimulates you and your partner. Goes in deeper for added pleasure. Now the man can offer deep, tingling excitement, plus extra length.

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Adds 2"-#9005 Adds 3"—#9006 Adds 4"—#9007 Do you leave your partner unsatisfied? Do you miss the real pleasure yourself? THE SECRET TO GREATER JOY THAN YOU EVER THOUGHT POSSIBLE. Provides extra inches, "extends" you & helps improve performance and adequacy. Adds pleasure and helps to reach important female erogenous areas. Your mate need not even know it's there . . . but she'll know the thrill and

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Warm water makes it come alive! As you fill it it grows firmer, assumes the curvature of an erect penis, warm like a real organ. Best of all, the sensation of water moving within the AQUA-MATE creates a unique orgasmic thrill.

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Hollow, with clit stimulator at base. Lifelike veins & Similar to #1, but WITH BALLS. Very lifelike. Natural curve with triple corona creates deep sensations at each ridge. Slithers past outer lips & into vagina for wild sensations

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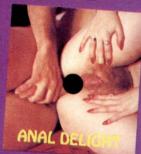
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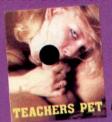
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MONTH NEXT IN

January edition on sale November 17, 1987



Next month's HUSTLER is destined to be an instant collector's item. First, you'll meet the girl everyone's calling "the new Traci Lords"-in fact, this sizzling young porn talent by the name of Barbii Dol is so hot, you'll probably forget about old whatshername altogether. Barbii is a tough act to follow, but our breathtakingly gorgeous centerfold (and star of a new HUSTLER Honeys Video), captured at a tropical island retreat, is up to the job. For erotic comic relief, look no further than the encounter between a man, a woman and an X-rated jigsaw puzzle.

#### **SANE SEX**

HUSTLER has long promoted a responsible attitude about sexual encounters, from casual quickies to long-term lust. The current hysteria over AIDS points out what repression and sensationalism can do to America's sex life. In Safe Sex, HUSTLER kicks off monthly investigations of the truth about AIDS and about practices and policies for an intelligent sex life, in terms of this new viral killer and longstanding sexual diseases, unwanted pregnancies and more.

#### MEDIA MANIPULATORS

If you've ever watched late-night television, you've probably seen them-those hard-to-believe "get-rich-quick-with-no-moneydown" TV hucksters whose schemes have affected tens of thousands of people over the past several years. In "Tube Boobs: The Get-Rich Quickies of Late-Night TV," reporter Jim Brandt points out that, although the fortunes of some of these con men are on the wane, we can't afford to ignore them.

#### STILL MORE

On a lighter note, Rick Woods's "Stranglehold" is gripping fiction that explores the twisted psyche of a demented prostitute killer. In addition, there are all of HUSTLER's other regular features to enjoy . . . Sex Play looks into the appeal of married women; Hot Letters lets our readers get into the act; Beaver Hunt brings you the finest amateur exhibitionists and Bits & Pieces will leave you laughing.









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w/ Sulka Candy, Margo & Toni

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Surprise, Naughty Nightmare. The kinkiest ever! As real studs & dolls sexperiment!



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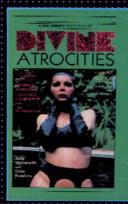


VC-119 SHE-MALE ENCOUNTERS (Vol.#3) /w Sharon, Sugar, Jennifer



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VC-123 DIVINE ATROCITIES No. 1

(Vol.#7)
3 outrageous tales. Rubber Rampage,
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VC-124 DIVINE ATROCITIES No. 2 (Vol.#8)

Notorious she males Sugar Nicole, Magda Corbitt take on all cummers plus Janey Robbins in Yes Mistress & Subjugation.



VC-125 SHE-MALE CONFIDENTIAL (Vol.#9)

A trio of tales: Black'& White, Spanked Stranger, Fixin' Whitey ...that mix every kind of sex with every kind of sex partner



BAR (Vol.#5)

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## STIMULANTS, DIET AIDS **SLEEPING AIDS**

AST ONEST 'Super Strength"

LOWEST PRICES ANYWHERE **WE WILL MEET OR BEAT ANY REASONABLE PRICES BY 10% ORDERS SHIPPED IN 24 HOURS 100% GUARANTEE** 

FAST ONES

RE

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TREZGTH

FREE SAMPLES CODE

MAXI PACK 1000 TABLETS & CAPSULES TOTAL/10 TYPES \$42.50 **CODE #26** 

MINI PACK CODE #31

AFTER!

EXT Ř Orders Schipped II.

Orders Sc R E G

FAST ONES™ FIGHTS THAT DROWSY

FEELING BY IMPROVING YOUR STAMINA COORDINATION, CONCENTRATION!

FAST ONES™ FAST ONES™

**NEVER LETS YOU MISS** THOSE SPECIAL MOMENTS!

**GIVES YOU EXTRA STAMINA** TO LOSE THOSE UNWANTED POUNDS AND INCHES THAT MAKE YOU FEEL SO **UNATTRACTIVE AND** UNDESIRABLE

FAST ONES™

LETS YOU LIVE A MORE EXPERIENCING LIFE!

CHOOSE FROM A WIDE VARIETY TO GET YOUR EXACT TYPE AND STRENGTH YOU PREFER. THAT'S SOMETHING STORES CAN'T DOI

MILD

Swedness Shipped in 24 Hours!

FREE INFORMATION (213) 376-7422

PAYMENT:

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PAYMENT TO 20TH CENTURY DISTRIBUTORS) C.O.D. (CASH ON DELIVERY)

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